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BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

No. I.

THE DIVER:

with notes.

REV. FREDERICK K. HARFORD, M.A.,

Minor-Canon of Westminster.



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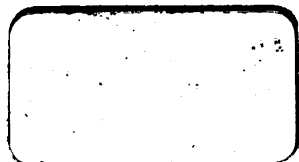
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LONDON,

1878.



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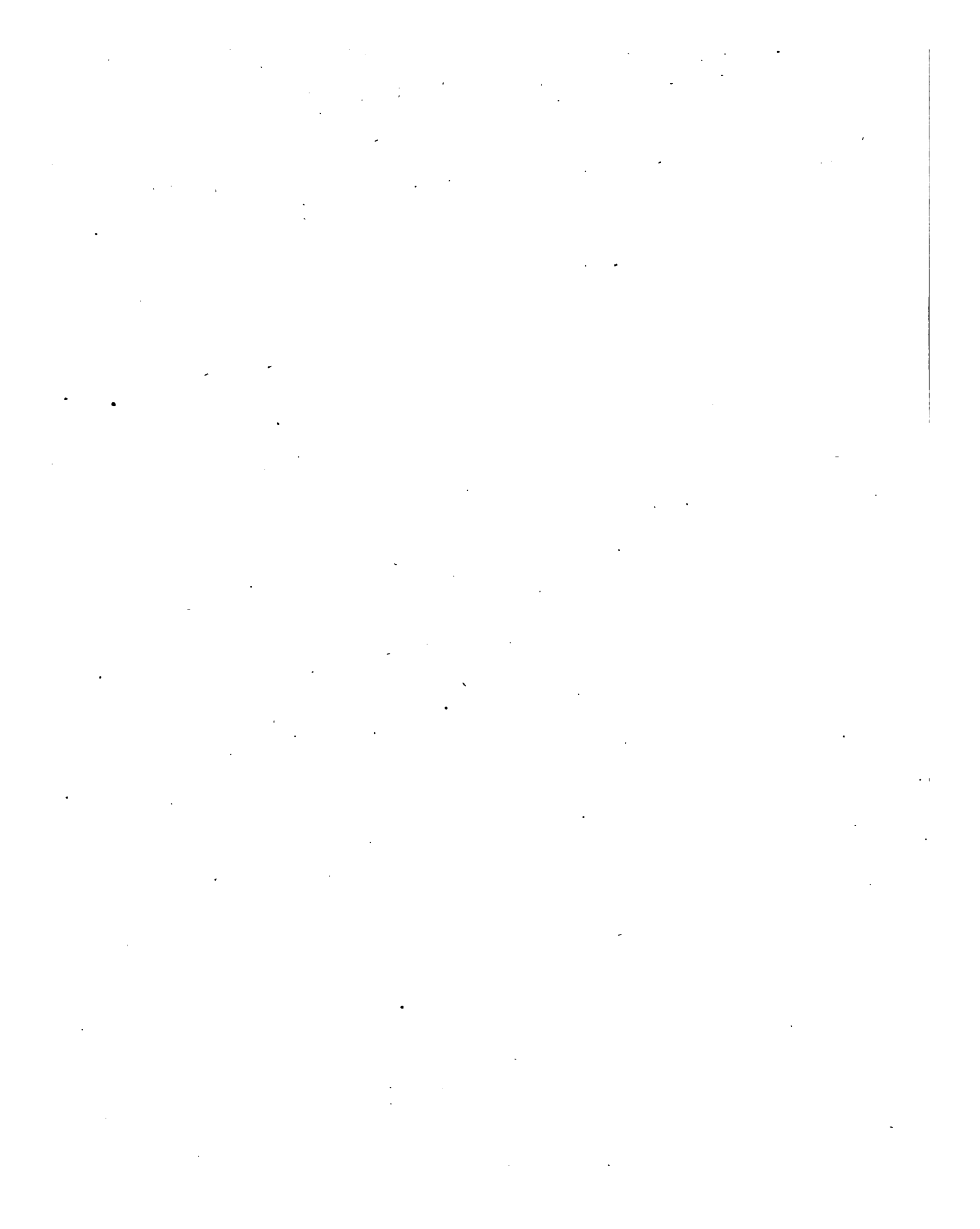






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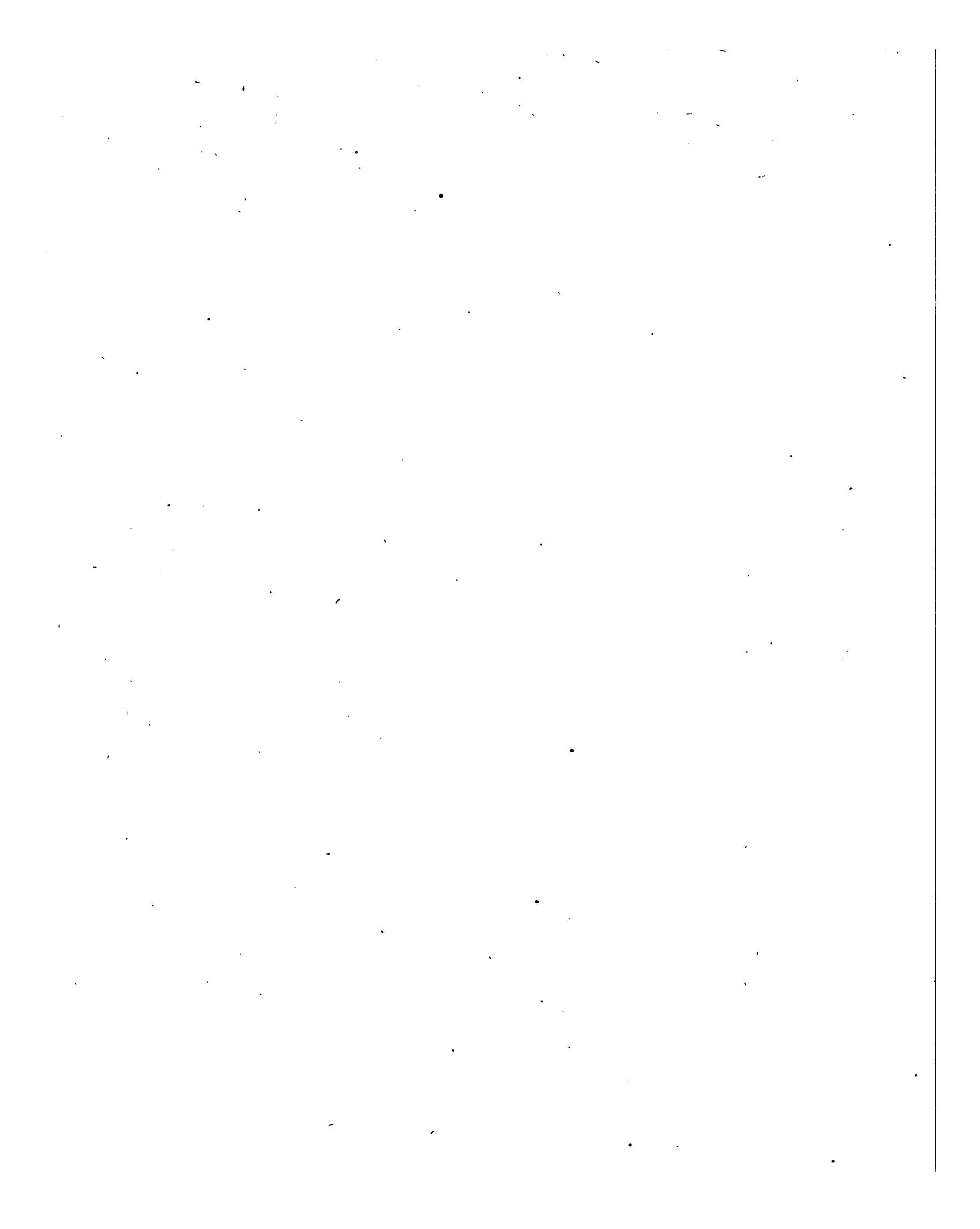
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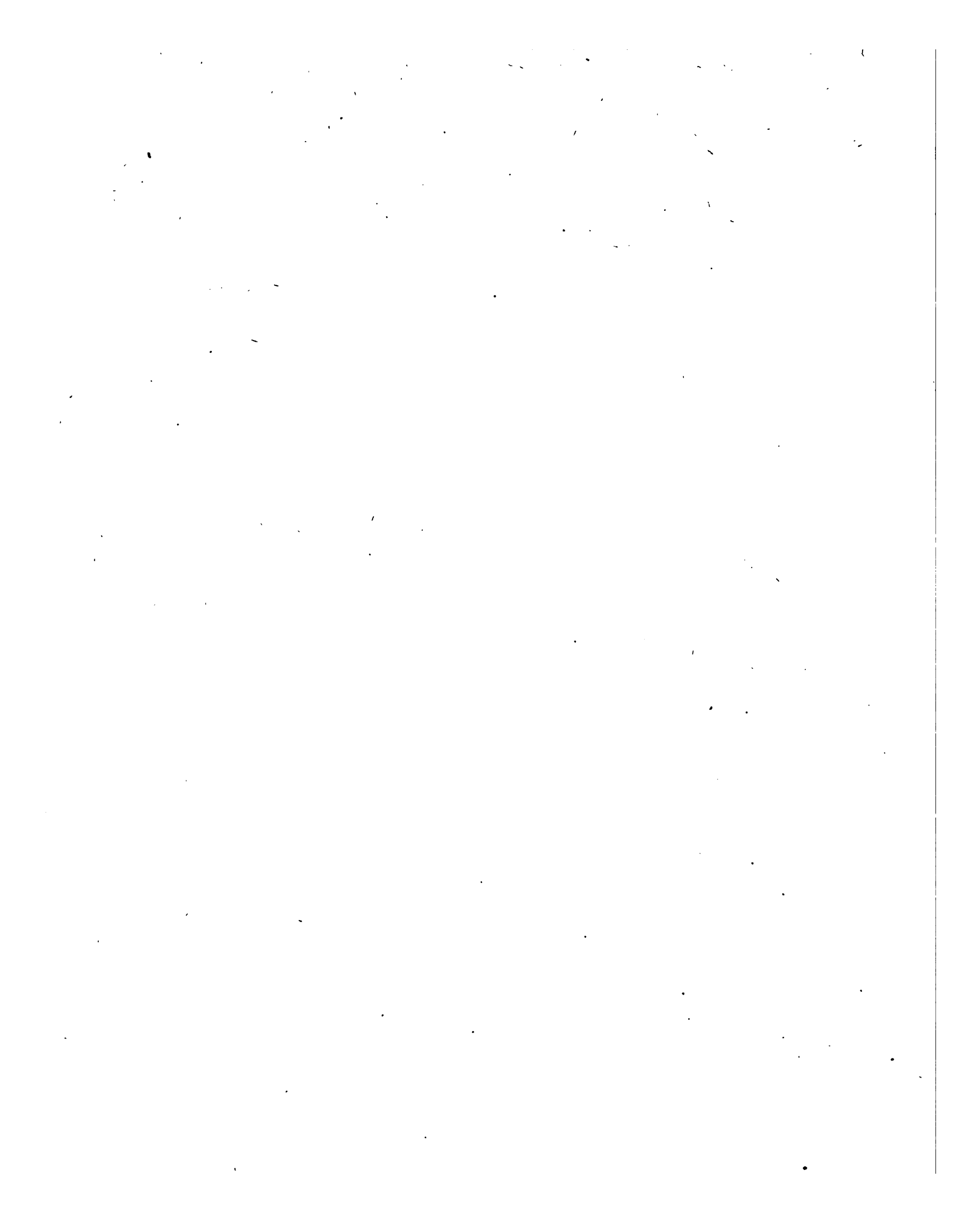




THE MOST REVEREND
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND
PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES OFFER THEMSELVES BY HIS GRACE'S
PERMISSION AS A SMALL EARNEST OF DEEP
AND GRATEFUL RESPECT.





Prefatory Note.



THE story on which the following ballad is founded is given in the 'Mundus Subterraneus' of Athanasius Kircher, who says that it was "communicated" to him by the 'Keeper of the Archives' at Messina, as an extract from certain "Acta Regia" of the kings of Sicily then extant.

A whole chapter is devoted to the narrative, which states that in the time of "King Frederic of Sicily" there was a wonderful diver, Nicolas by name, who frequently passed four and five days together in the sea, where he lived upon raw fishes, and who from his extraordinary skilfulness in swimming was commonly called Pesce or Pesce-Cola (Fish-Nicolas);—that his ordinary occupation was diving for coral and carrying letters between Messina and the cities on the coast of Calabria, but that he sometimes went as far as the Lipari Islands;—that he cared little for rough weather, and would often during a storm suddenly appear close to triremes far out at sea, and frighten the sailors who took him for some sea-monster;—that the King, when staying at Messina, having heard of his exploits, and desiring to see something wonderful done by him, ordered a gold cup to be thrown into the celebrated Charybdis which is in the straits a short distance from the city, promising that the prize should be his if he would dive and fetch it;—that tempted by the golden bait Pesce went down the whirlpool, and after remaining nearly three-quarters of an hour ('feré ad tres horæ quadrantes') under water, was thrown up with great violence by the waves, and came safely with the goblet to the shore, where the King and his courtiers were anxiously awaiting his return:—and further that after a short interval of refreshment by food and sleep he was led into the King's presence, and there gave a long account of all the wonders he had seen below the deep.

We shall draw attention presently, in Note 7 of the Appendix, to the continuous similarity which the Diver's speech to the King in the Ballad bears to that of Nicolas Pesce in the narrative. At the same time we would recommend all who are fond of reading extraordinary accounts in their original freshness to turn to the xvth chapter of the 2nd book of the first volume of Kircher's 'Mundus Subterraneus' (2 vols. folio, Amsterdam, 1678),—or to the first volume of Happel's 'Relationes Curiosæ' (4 vols. 4to. Hamburg, 1683), where, with slight embellishment, a translation from Kircher's Latin is given in quaint old German, under a chapter headed—

“Der verwunderungswürdige Taucher.”

But what seems quite as remarkable as the history of the wonderful diver is the astonishing fact that Schiller at the time he wrote the ballad had not read the original from which it was derived. This is evident from a letter written to Göthe on the 7th of August, 1797 :—

“Herder has sent me back our ballads which I had forwarded to him, but I cannot gather from his letter that they have made a favourable impression. On the contrary I learn from it that in the Diver I have merely re-wrought with improvement a certain Nicholas Pesce who must have said or sung the same story. Do you know anything of this Nicholas Pesce with whom I am so unexpectedly brought into contact ?”

Göthe writes back in a letter without date, but evidently between the 9th and 14th of August,

“Nicholas Pesce, as well as I remember, is the hero of the tale you have treated,—a diver by trade.”

This mystery will, we believe, be seen in a clearer light if we recall a few circumstances in Schiller's life previous to 1797, and consider the nature of the connexion that existed at that moment between him and Göthe. After the publication of 'The Robbers,' and his consequent flight from Stuttgart, Schiller had roved about in obscurity, sometimes under the assumed names of Ritter and Schmidt, until he found shelter under the hospitable roof of Frau von Wolzogen in Bauerbach, and later on in the house of his friend Körner at Leipzig. In 1789 he was appointed,—chiefly through the kind offices of Göthe, with whom he was then but slightly acquainted,—to the Professorship of History at the University of Jena ; and there, under the sweet influences of a home and a charming wife, he breathed a new existence. But the work of a Professor's Chair was not enough to satisfy the ardent longing of the Poet. Accordingly, in 1794, we find him inviting Göthe to take part in editing a periodical work, which should be called 'The Hours' and give their mutual views on poetry to the world.

We know the result of that union,—how the poems written in 1795, owing to the jealousy of adverse criticism, proved a remarkable failure,—and how during 1796, in a fresh work entitled ‘*Musen-Almanach*,’ the poets threw off, almost daily, a series of sparkling epigrams called ‘*Xenien*,’ their joint production, which soon became widely renowned, and, like Byron’s ‘*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*,’ went like arrows into the hearts of those for whom they were intended.

“After the mad challenge of the ‘*Xenien*,’” so writes Göthe to Schiller, “we must occupy ourselves only with great and worthy works of art, and shame our opponents by manifesting our poetical natures in the form of the Good and Noble.”

This was the trumpet-call that roused all the fervour of Schiller’s soul, and produced that matchless series of semi-historical didactic songs, which—whilst thoroughly the individual work of the one man who could have produced them—were sometimes (notably in the ‘*Cranes of Ibycus*’) the result of Schiller’s communion and joint action with his friend. What the interesting subject for a new poem was, of which Göthe, in a letter dated the 28th of April, 1797, speaks as wishing to resign to Schiller should he himself despair of the execution of it, it would be hazardous to conjecture; but it is worthy of notice that no mention whatever is made by Schiller respecting the ‘*Diver*’ before Göthe’s visit to Jena in the latter part of May, from which time, up to the conclusion of the ballad in the middle of June, friendly visits were of almost daily recurrence between these most brotherly fellow-workers, the *Dioscuri* of Germany.

It was Göthe, we see, who suggested the idea of writing the Ballads. At the very time of setting out for Jena he was commencing two which he finished in that place. He had read,—as we learn from the above-quoted extract from a letter,—the story so dramatically told by Athanasius Kircher, and so suitable to the new method of composition which he was desirous at that moment that Schiller should adopt. What then, we might ask, would be more likely than that—wishing to inspire his friend with a grand subject—he should, with his wonderful powers of memory and description, have called up one by one the incidents of what Schiller would take to be an ideal scene, and have minutely described all the wonders recorded in the speech to the King,—the sea-springs issuing from submarine rocks, the ‘*pesce-cani*,’ the *polypi*, &c., without mentioning what was unnecessary, the source whence the story was derived, or the name of *Pesce-Cola*?

There is another supposition possible, which Gotzinger has suggested, viz., that Schiller drew his material from some novel, which, whilst giving the chief incidents mentioned by Kircher and Happel, left out the name of the diver. If so, this novel will doubtless, sooner or later, come to light. It is, however, difficult to suppose that such a work—had there been any such published in the scant periodicals of 1795-96

would, up to the present time, have escaped the eyes of a nation whose critics are the keenest and most indefatigable in the world, and who have shown special interest in everything connected with the poems of Friedrich Schiller.

But be the source or channel what it may that can claim the honour of having inspired the poet with the idea of 'the Diver,' the ballad itself is of so high a nature that it seems almost profanity to speak of the old chronicle and the poem in the same breath. It matters little in what way, or by whom, the ground was prepared, over which Schiller set out to walk, whilst the poet has left the mark of his magician footsteps so indelibly impressed upon it.

As the earliest written of that noble series of narrative poems, thrown off with astonishing rapidity during the latter half of 1797, and distinguishing that year for ever as the 'Balladenjahr,' the 'Diver' may be considered to be Schiller's first ballad. He had, it is true, in early youth, written a wild thing called 'Count Eberhard the Quarreller,' with a well-nigh untranslatable commencement

"Ihr, ihr! dort aussen in die Welt,
Die Nasen eingespannt!"

but fiery and clever as it is, one hardly cares to think of it as the production of the same mind that wrought the 'Diver.' That earlier work, however, belongs to the old simple school of common ballad; in the piece before us, Schiller aims at higher things than had ever been attempted, and raises the ballad almost to the level and rank of Drama. Both in breadth and in grandeur it exceeds the masterly effusions of Bürger, and the epithet 'matchless' which has been applied to it by Bulwer-Lytton is only rightly due. Comparing it with the ballads by which it was immediately succeeded we may follow the keen judgment of Mr. Carlyle and recognize in the 'Cranes of Ibycus' a still higher development of art,—but, as an example of its own style, the 'Diver' stands pre-eminently alone, and will remain, until another Schiller arises, without its equal in the whole range of descriptive poetry ancient or modern.

At page 9 are given the golden lines of the original, and those who do not know them already by heart, will, after a third perusal, gladly echo the words of Körner the Leipzig critic concerning them, "I know no poem," he says, "which gives me greater pleasure to read aloud. However unsuitable it may be for setting as a musical composition, there is throughout it a peculiar music which greatly assists declamation and nearly approaches melody."

In spite of the difficulty here suggested, several of Schiller's countrymen have boldly made the attempt, and the 'Diver' has been set to music by Wineberger, Edmer, Kanne, and Bornhardt.



The Diver.





The Diver.

Friedrich von Schiller,

1797.

Rev. Fredk. K. Harford,

1878.

*For greater convenience
dots, as marks of empha-
sis, are occasionally intro-
duced.*

“**W**HO dareth among ye, or knight, or squire,
“to plunge in yon foaming gulph?
“This chalice of gold, which a king might desire,
“I fling to the ravenous whirlpool’s mouth.
“Who brings this back from the jaws of the sea
“shall have it— as meed of his bravery.”

II.

The King he speaks it—and swift from the height
of the cliff, that rugged and bold
hangs frowning far over those billows white,
hurls to Charybdis the goblet of gold ;
and “ Who hath the courage,—I ask ye again,—
“to dive to the unknown depths of the main ? ”

III.

And the knights and the squires on every side
list, and are speechless all :
they stare down aghast on the perilous tide,
but none responds to the challenge-call :
and again, for the third time, the Monarch cries :—
“Doth no man dare plunge for that costly prize ? ”

Note 1.
See Appendix.

N : 2.

IV.

But, fear-stricken, all still silent stand,—
 when there steps forth in blushing pride
 a youth from the squires,—and with rapid hand
 he loosens his belt, flings his mantle aside ;
 and dames, knights, and courtiers, in rapt amaze,
 on the high-couraged stripling all breathless gaze.

V.

And forth as he treads to the brow of the rock,
 and peers on the whirlpool below,—
 huge floods she had swallow'd—with burst and shock
 Charybdis upheaveth in bellowing throe,
 whilst growls from her caverns, the depths far under,
 roll upward, like volleys of prison'd thunder.

VI.

N : 3.

And it boils up fierce-bubbling, with roar, and with hiss,—
 as though water were wrestling with fire,—
 and whirls to the high heavens the foam from the abyss,
 and flood-spouts and flood-springs mount higher and
 higher,
 and outpour on outpour seems endless to be,
 as though the Sea—labouring—gave birth to a Sea.

VII.

But allay'd at last is the furious spasm ;
 subsiding, the surge-crests sink :
 and there opens a yawning—ghastly chasm,
 black as the hell-realm's accursèd brink ;
 and rapids in swift-rushing avalanche pouring
 are suck'd down its tunnel with hollow roaring.

VIII.

Quick—ere fill'd is the throat of that narrowing grave—
 the youth lifts to God his soul ;
 and a shriek rings around him, as—plunged in the wave
 he is swirl'd down the torrents that headlong roll !
 See, the dark jaws are closing ! the last waves pour ;
 and the fearless young swimmer is seen no more !

IX.

Silent and still'd is the surface now :
 far beneath are all sounds that swell,
 save when tremblingly whisper'd in accents low
 fall the soft words of pity,—“ Brave youth, farewell ! ”
 while to every faint murmur that throbs from the sea
 each heart—beating—listens——with agony.

• • • • •

X.

‘ And hur’dst thou in thither thine Empire’s crown,
 ‘ and said’st “ Who that crown can bring
 “ shall be Monarch, and wear it—by right his own : ”—
 ‘ not for me, at such cost, were the realm of a king.
 ‘ Those howling depths guard in their Stygian womb
 ‘ dark secrets no mortal may e’er untomb.’

N: 4

Poeta loquitur.

XI.

‘ Full many a ship by the whirl-fiend held fast
 ‘ hath been rock’d down that watery hell ;
 ‘ and, save poor shatter’d fragments of keel and mast,
 ‘ nought return’d her unspeakable doom to tell : ’—
 but hark !—’tis again,—the dread seas are growling,
 like a storm that comes nearer and nearer howling.

N 5

XII.

Note 6.

And it boils up fierce-bubbling, with roar, and with hiss,—
as though water were wrestling with fire,—
and whirls to the high heavens the foam from the abyss,
and flood-spouts and flood-springs mount higher and
higher,
and growls of deep caverns, like distant thunder,
roll up through the mass from the dark waves under.

XIII.

*

And look! through the mass from the dark waves under—
What lifts itself there—swan-white?
Lo, a shining arm cleaves the floods asunder!
and it fights through the surges with desperate might.
“See, see! It is he,—the brave lion-heart boy,—
“and he waves high the goblet, as beacon of joy.”

XIV.

And he breatheth long,—and he breatheth deep,—
and he hails with glad eyes the light.
See, with joyous step he ascends the steep;
and, “He lives! he is here!” echoes left and right.
“From the storm-floods of Death, from that fathomless
grave
“returneth in safety the soul of the brave!”

XV.

And he comes: they throng round him with clamorous
glee,
till he sinks at the Monarch's feet
with the cup, which he offers on bended knee:
and the Monarch makes sign to his daughter sweet;
and she fills it with red-sparkling wine to the brim
for the youth, who, now turning, thus drinks to him:—

XVI.

“Long live the King! Joy bedeck each hour
 “whilst he breathes in the rosy light.
 “but oh,—that he tempt not the Eternal Power!
 “for curst is that underworld’s ghastly night:
 “and scathless shall no man those realms invade
 “which the Mercy of Heav’n keepeth veil’d in shade.”

Note 7.

XVII.

“I shot down—swift as a lightning-gleam—
 “through the seas round that rock-girt well;
 “when a current uprushing with double-stream
 “drove me fast to the whirl-race’s deafening yell;
 “there—lash’d like a top midst the hurricane roar—
 “I was reel’d, till my senses could strive no more.”

XVIII.

“Then God, to Whom in my deep despair
 “I pray’d sore with fast-failing breath,
 “All-merciful shew’d me outstanding there
 “a rock-ledge I grasp’d,—and escaped from death:
 “and there—on the coral—mine eyes behold
 “with dazzled wonder—the cup of gold!”

XIX.

“For under me—far down, whole mountains deep,
 “all was cavern—purple and drear;
 “and although the ear heard not—benumb’d to sleep,
 “still the eye could see, shudderingly, sights of fear,
 “how fire-lizards, dragons, and giant worms
 “slow drew through that slime-pit their loathsome
 “forms.”

N: 8.

XX.

Note 9. "There, reeking and heaving in nauseous slumber,
 "uproll'd in a writhing ball,
 "were sting-ray, and sea-wolf, and a nameless
 "number
 "of fish-like reptiles that float and crawl;
 "and there, with sharp teeth-rows that flash'd through
 "the dark,"
 "grinn'd Ocean's hyena—the ravening shark!"

XXI.

N: 10. "There I hung,—as one lost in some terrible dream,
 "on whose agonized senses press
 "dark shapes, that with eyeballs of lurid gleam
 "stare—mocking their victim's helplessness:
 "So far from the voices of men!—and alone—
 "in that Hades of monsters to man unknown!"

XXII.

* "And shuddering—methought that a hundred-limb'd
 "form,
 "more hideous than tongue can tell,
 "rose to snatch me, upborne on a writhing storm,
 "and trembling—unloosed from my grasp I fell!
 N: 11. "Then—seized me the whirl-tide's remounting strife,
 "and bore me to safety again—and life!"

XXIII.

N: 12. Awhile in wonderment sits the King,—
 then cries—"The goblet is thine:
 "yet a far higher prize shalt thou win—this ring—
 "deck'd with gems that the price of a kingdom shine,
 "if thou'lt dive yet once more, and more surely reveal
 "the secrets those undermost depths conceal."

XXIV.

His daughter she hears it in shuddering pain,
and—with smiles that her tears would hide,—
“Hold, Father! Oh, tempt not those horrors again!
“He has dared what none other has dared beside:
“and, if nothing the will of your heart can tame,
“let the knights take their part in this terrible game.”

XXV.

Then the King grasps the cup, and with hastening
throw
hurls it down to the swallowing main :—
“And bring'st thou that goblet once more from below,
“thou shalt be the first knight of my royal train,
“and shalt clasp as thy bride, ere this daylight die,
“her—who pleads for thy life so tenderly.”

XXVI.

More than human the courage that nerves him now :
flash his eyes—like the sun at noon :
and he sees the blush mount to that lovely brow ;
and he sees her grow paler,—he sees her swoon.
One glance,—and, so priceless a treasure to win,—
down,—for life, or death,—he plunges in.

XXVII.

How they list to the sea! Hark! the on-coming shock
is foretold by that thundering brawl!
and long doth she gaze down with love's longing look.
See, they come,—and come flooding, those waters all!
Now up they're whirl'd foaming ;—now downward they
pour ;
but no wave e'er brings him—again to the shore.

Extracts from letters of GÖTHE to SCHILLER concerning 'The Diver'
during May and June, 1797.

In a letter dated Weimar, May 13, Göthe writes that he intends passing a fortnight in Jena, and hopes he shall find Schiller enjoying his garden-house. A few days afterwards (on the 17th), he writes "Let us so long as we remain together bring our two natures (zweiheit) more and more into unison, so that even a longer separation be not able to injure our relation to one another. I will take in hand the conclusion of 'Cellini' the first thing at Jena; perhaps something else also may turn up, and perhaps 'Moses' will be quickened by our conversation."

He probably arrived about the 25th, as a letter of the 28th, in Jena, regrets that he is unable that day to go out to visit Schiller, and that he has engagements in the evening,

Jena, 10th June— * * "Heartily farewell, and let your 'Diver' be drown'd—the sooner the better. It is not amiss that whilst I am taking my* couples in and out of the fire, your hero is occupying himself with the opposite element."

* Göthe is alluding to the characters in two ballads he was then finishing, hardly worthy of being ranked with the 'Diver.'

On the 13th, he writes "The barometer still continues low, and obliges us to seek our enjoyment within doors and within ourselves. I shall come* this afternoon for a short time only, as I cannot take bright supper with you."

* He probably was prevented from going, as we find him sending on the same day some witty verses and a collection of mineralogical specimens, for which he merrily says he shall receive in exchange a thousand good ideas.

On the 14th— * "To my regret I shall not see you to day. The rain and the necessity of being this evening at the club—to a certain degree dressed—prevent me from making my accustomed pilgrimage. I send the altered treatise* of Schegel for you to use as you will—and hope 'The Diver' may soon be happily set free." (absolvirt)

* A treatise on Epic poetry with which Göthe did not altogether agree

16th of June. "Together with my mineralogical offerings I must to my regret send you tidings that I am called away, and must set out this evening. I shall come, however, in any case, for a few minutes, and ask you to send by the bearer the two books on Fishes."

On the 18th of June Schiller sends his friend 'The Glove' which he says he has written as a "little afterpiece to 'The Diver.'"

In Göthe's answer dated Weimar June 21st. * "I send back 'The Glove' which makes a fitting afterpiece and counterpart to 'The Diver.'"

And in a letter dated Weimar, 22nd July, 1797. "Could you have re-copied for me your 'Diver,' 'Polycrates,' and 'Glove'? I may perhaps meet on the road a few good Christian or heathen souls to whom one might like to read such things."

[Written in the Garden-house at Jena, during May and the early part of June, 1797, according to a memorandum in Schiller's Note-book for that year :

„Der Gaucher, am 14. Juni beendet.“]

Der Gaucher.

1.

„Wer wagt es, Rittersmann oder Knapp,
Zu tauchen in diesen Schlund ?
Einen goldnen Becher werf' ich hinab,
Verfchlungen schon hat ihn der schwarze Mund.
Wer mir den Becher kann wieder zeigen,
Er mag ihn behalten, er ist sein eigen.“

2.

Der König spricht es und wirft von der Höh
Der Klippe, die schroff und steil
Hinaushängt in die unendliche See,
Den Becher in der Charybde Geheul.
„Wer ist der Beherzte, ich frage wieder,
Zu tauchen in diese Tiefe nieder?“

3.

Und die Ritter, die Knappen um ihn her
Vernehmen's und schweigen still,
Sehen hinab in das wilde Meer,
Und keiner den Becher gewinnen will.
Und der König zum drittenmal wieder fraget :
„Ist keiner, der sich hinunter waget?“

4.

Doch alles noch stumm bleibt wie zuvor ;
Und ein Edelknecht, sanft und led,
Tritt aus der Knappen zagem Chor,
Und den Gürtel wirft er, den Mantel weg,
Und alle die Männer umher und Frauen
Auf den herrlichen Jüngling verwundert schauen.

5.

Und wie er tritt an des Felsen Hang
Und blickt in den Schlund hinab,
Die Wasser, die sie hinunter schlang,
Die Charybde jetzt brüllend wiedergab,
Und wie mit des fernern Donners Getöse
Entstürzen sie schäumend dem finstern Schooße.

6.

Und es waltet und siedet und brauset und zischt,
Wie wenn Wasser mit Feuer sich mengt,
Bis zum Himmel sprizet der dampfende Gischt,
Und Fluth auf Fluth sich ohn' Ende drängt,
Und will sich nimmer erschöpfen und leeren,
Als wollte das Meer noch ein Meer gebären.

7.

Doch endlich, da legt sich die wilde Gewalt,
Und schwarz aus dem weißen Schaum
Klafft hinunter ein gähnender Spalt,
Grundlos, als ging's in den Höllenraum,
Und reißend sieht man die brandenden Wogen
Hinab in den strudelnden Trichter gezogen.

8.

Jetzt schnell, eh die Brandung wiederkehrt,
Der Jüngling sich Gott befehlt,
Und — ein Schrei des Entsetzens wird rings gehört,
Und schon hat ihn der Wirbel hinweggespült,
Und geheimnißvoll über dem kühnen Schwimmer
Schließt sich der Rachen; er zeigt sich nimmer.

9.

Und stille wird's über dem Wasserchlund,
In der Tiefe nur brauset es hohl,
Und bebend hört man von Mund zu Mund:
„Hochherziger Jüngling, fahre wohl!“
Und hohler und hohler hört man's heulen,
Und es harret noch mit bangem, mit schrecklichem Weilen.

10.

Und wärft du die Krone selber hinein
Und sprichst: Wer mir bringet die Kron',
Er soll sie tragen und König sein —
Mich geküßte nicht nach dem theuren Lohn.
Was die heulende Tiefe da unten verhehle,
Das erzählt keine lebende glückliche Seele.

11.

Wohl manches Fahrzeug, vom Strudel gefaßt,
Schuß gäh in die Tiefe hinab:
Doch zerschmettert nur rangen sich Kiel und Mast
Hervor aus dem alles verschlingenden Grab —
Und heller und heller, wie Sturmes Sausen,
Hört man's näher und immer näher brausen.

12.

Und es waltet und siedet und brauset und zischt,
Wie wenn Wasser mit Feuer sich mengt,
Bis zum Himmel sprizet der dampfende Gisch,
Und Well' auf Well' sich ohn' Ende drängt,
Und wie mit des fernen Donners Getöse
Entflürzt es brüllend dem finstern Schooße.

13.

Und sieh! aus dem finster fluthenden Schooß
Da hebt sich's schwanenweiß,
Und ein Arm und ein glänzender Nacken wird bloß
Und es rubert mit Kraft und mit emsigem Fleiß,
Und er ist's, und hoch in seiner Linken
Schwingt er den Becher mit freudigen Winken.

14.

Und athmete lang und athmete tief,
Und begrüßte das himmlische Licht.
Mit Frohlocken es einer dem andern rief:
„Er lebt! er ist da! es behielt ihn nicht!
Aus dem Grab, aus der strudelnden Wasserhöhle
Hat der Brave gerettet die lebende Seele!“

15.

Und er kommt; es umringt ihn die jubelnde Schaar;
Zu des Königs Füßen er sinkt,
Den Becher reicht er ihm knieend dar,
Und der König der lieblichen Tochter winkt,
Die füllt ihn mit funkelndem Wein bis zum Rande,
Und der Jüngling sich also zum König wandte:

16.

„Lang lebe der König! Es freue sich,
Wer da athmet im rosigten Licht!
Da unten aber ist's fürchterlich,
Und der Mensch versuche die Götter nicht
Und begehre nimmer und nimmer zu schauen,
Was sie gnädig bebeden mit Nacht und Grauen.“

17.

„Es riß mich hinunter blitzeschnell,
Da stürzt' mir aus felsigtem Schacht
Wildfluthend entgegen ein reißender Quell;
Mich packte des Doppelstroms wüthende Macht,
Und wie einen Kreisel mit schwindelndem Drehen
Trieb mich's um, ich konnte nicht widerstehen.“

18.

„Da zeigte mir Gott, zu dem ich rief,
In der höchsten schrecklichen Noth,
Aus der Tiefe ragend ein Felsenriff,
Das erfaßt' ich behend und entramm dem Tod.
Und da hing auch der Becher an spitzen Korallen,
Sonst wär' er in's Bodenlose gefallen.“

19.

„Denn unter mir lag's noch bergetief
In purpurner Finsterniß da,
Und ob's hier dem Ohre gleich ewig schlief,
Das Auge mit Schauern hinunter sah,
Wie's von Salamandern und Molchen und Drachen
Sich regt' in dem furchtbaren Höllenrachen.“

20.

„Schwarz wimmelten da, in grauem Gemisch,
Zu scheußlichen Klumpen geballt,
Der stachlichte Rocher, der Klippenfisch,
Des Hammers gräßliche Umgestalt,
Und dräuend wies mir die grimmigen Zähne
Der entsetzliche Hai, des Meeres Hyäne.“

21.

„Und da hing ich, und war's mir mit Grausen bewußt,
Von der menschlichen Hilfe so weit,
Unter Farben die einzige fühlende Brust,
Allein in der gräßlichen Einsamkeit,
Tief untet dem Schall der menschlichen Rede
Bei den Ungeheuern der traurigen Oede.“

22.

„Und schauernd dacht' ich's, da kroch's heran,
Regte hundert Gelenke zugleich,
Will schnappen nach mir; in des Schreckens Wahn
Laß ich los der Koralle umklammerten Zweig;
Gleich saßt mich der Strudel mit rasendem Toben,
Doch es war mir zum Heil, er riß mich nach oben.“

23.

Der König darob sich verwundert schier
Und spricht: „Der Becher ist dein,
Und diesen Ring noch bestimm' ich dir,
Geschmückt mit dem köstlichsten Edelgestein,
Versuchst du's noch einmal und bringst mir Kunde,
Was du sahst auf des Meers tiefunterstem Grunde.“

24.

Das hörte die Tochter mit weichem Gefühl,
Und mit schmeichelndem Munde sie steht:
„Laßt, Vater, genug sein das grausame Spiel!
Er hat euch bestanden, was keiner besteht,
Und könnt ihr des Herzens Gelüsten nicht zähmen,
So mögen die Ritter den Knappen beschämen.“

25.

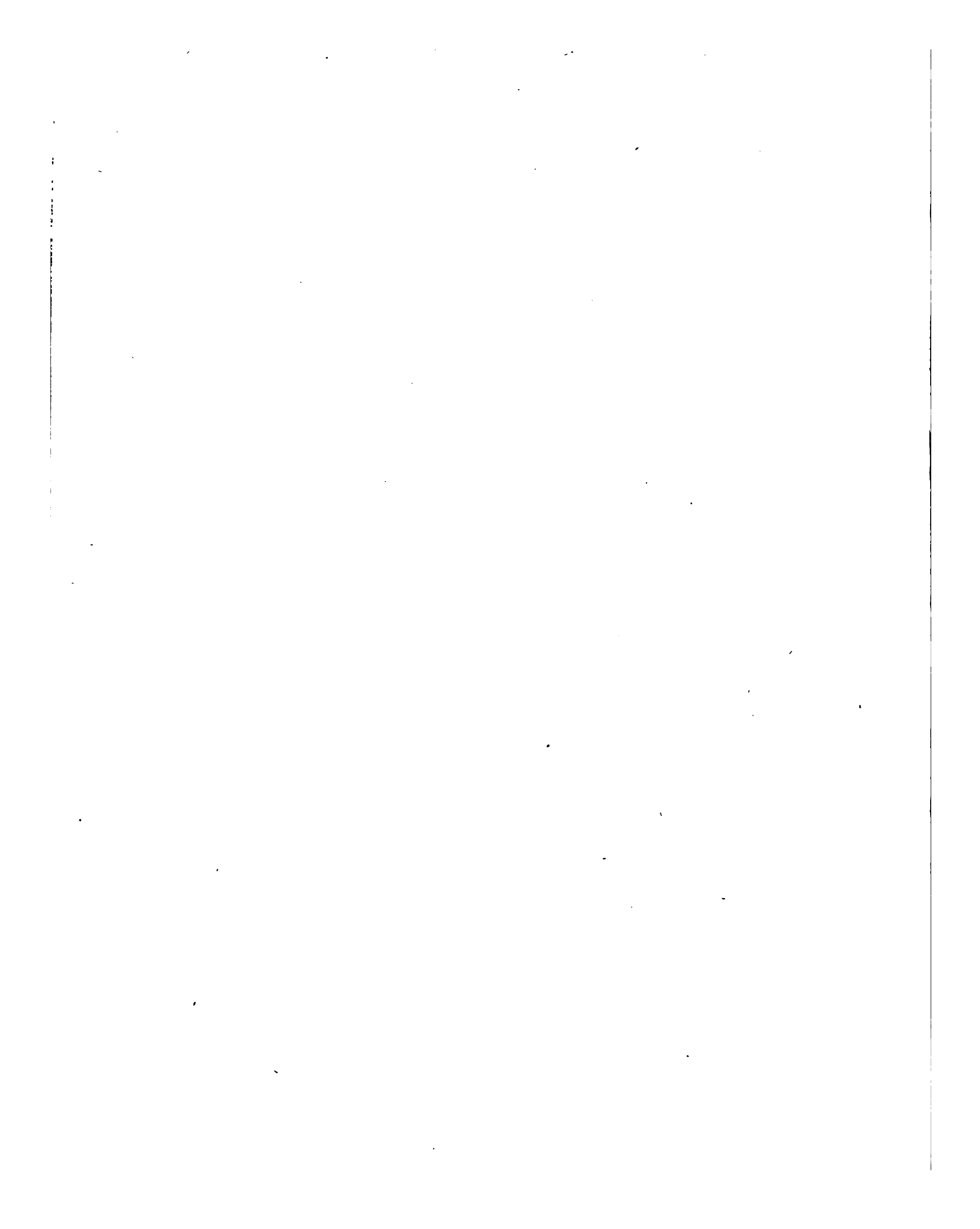
Drauf der König greift nach dem Becher schnell,
In den Strudel ihn schleudert hinein:
„Und schaffst du den Becher mir wieder zur Stell',
So sollst du der trefflichste Ritter mir sein
Und sollst sie als Ehgemahl heut noch umarmen,
Die jetzt für dich bittet mit zartem Erbarmen.“

26.

Da ergreift's ihm die Seele mit Himmelsgewalt,
Und es blickt aus den Augen ihm kühn,
Und er siehet erröthen die schöne Gestalt
Und sieht sie erbleichen und sinken hin;
Da treibt's ihn, den köstlichen Preis zu erwerben,
Und stürzt hinunter auf Leben und Sterben.

27.

Wohl hört man die Brandung, wohl kehrt sie zurück,
Sie verkündigt der donnernde Schall;
Da blickt sich's hinunter mit liebendem Blick,
Es kommen, es kommen die Wasser all,
Sie rauschen herauf; sie rauschen nieder,
Den Jüngling bringt keines wieder.



APPENDIX.

NOTE I.

"The King."



WHO is the 'King Frederic of Sicily' mentioned by Kircher, and spoken of in the same indefinite way by Alexander ab Alexandro, and by every Sicilian chronicler who has told the story of Nicolas the Diver?

Hoffmeister and other German critics have expressed different opinions about this; and as these conjectures (curiously enough all wide of the mark, the right man not having been pointed to by any one,) have been quoted by the two chief English translators of the 'Diver,' Merivale, and Bulwer Lytton,—it is worth while to examine the cause of this little difficulty, and, if possible, set the question for ever at rest.

There are three monarchs to whom the expression might possibly be referred.

I st. The earliest, whom we know better under his proper title of Emperor Frederic II., was son of the Emperor Henry VI. (Asper), and grandson of the Emperor Frederic I. (Barbarossa). Born in 1194, he inherited, through his mother the Empress Constance, a claim to the throne of Sicily; and on the very day of his birth, which took place shortly after the death of King Tancred, his mother's cousin, this claim was established by an act of treachery as foully cruel as any ever recorded in history. King Tancred's son William, a boy of tender years, having been induced, through the decoy of promises solemnly given, to resign his claims and become a vassal of the Emperor Henry as Prince of Taranto, was seized and thrown, deprived of sight and shamelessly mutilated, into prison, where he died after a few days. The Emperor Henry dying suddenly in 1197, Frederic, a child of three years, was crowned with great pomp at Palermo; and his mother dying in 1198, he was confided to the guardianship of the Pope (Innocent III., Lothario Conti). In 1212 the German Princes and the Pope set him up as a competitor for the crown of Charlemagne against Otho IV. who had been excommunicated; and after the defeat of Otho at Bouvines, he was crowned Emperor, first at Aix-la-Chapelle in

1215 by the Arch-Bishop of Mentz, and afterwards in 1220 by Pope Honorius III. (Cencio Savelli) at Rome. On both of these occasions he solemnly swore before the cross that he would lead a crusade in the following year. This however he avoided doing until two anathemas had been pronounced against him,—the first mildly by Pope Honorius in 1222, the second furiously by Pope Gregory IX. (Ugolino) in 1227. Seeing that it was necessary to fulfil his engagement, he set out in 1228, excommunicate as he was, for the Holy Land; but instead of fighting entered into a treaty with the Sultan Meledin (El Kameel) who ceded to him Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Nazareth, with the seaports of Tyre and Joppa. Unlike our Richard I. of England, who entered the Holy city on foot, unarmed and unaccompanied, Frederic made his entry into Jerusalem at the head of his troops; and, having with his own hand crowned himself king, returned to Italy, where he found his Apulian territories being invaded by the Papal forces. Speedily recovering what had been seized he made peace with the Pope; but contentions soon broke out again with renewed force; and in 1236, forming an alliance with Ezzelino the monster tyrant of Verona, he led a large army across the Alps into Lombardy, and carried southward the terrific strife between Guelphs and Ghibellines, which, after having been peacefully settled in Germany, now sprang up in Italy, and deluged her provinces with blood for many generations. Gaining an important victory at Corte Nuova he marched Romeward, and took Viterbo and some other cities in the Pope's dominions; and shortly afterwards, Enzius, one of his illegitimate sons whom he had lately made king of Sardinia, captured above 100 prelates, Cardinals, Arch-Bishops, Bishops, mitred Abbots, and Papal Legates, who were being escorted by 22 ships of the Genoese fleet to a council called together at Rome. The news of this disaster killed Pope Gregory (1241); and his successor Pope Celestine IV. did not long enjoy his honours, being found dead at the end of 17 days.

After this the Papal Chair remained vacant for more than a year, when Sinebaldo Fièscò, formerly a friend of the Emperor, was elected. The new Pope (Innocent IV.) proved however to be a still more formidable enemy than even Pope Gregory had been. Escaping from Rome in disguise he called together a Council at Lyons, and there pronounced the most extreme curses ever heaped upon any human head against the already excommunicated Emperor. The Christian King Louis IX. of France used his utmost endeavour to effect a reconciliation, but in vain: the Pope would not relent: and fearful wars continued to rage throughout Italy. In 1248, through gross carelessness of the Emperor, his army was routed before Parma;—in the following year his son Enzius was taken prisoner and beheaded at Bologna;—the monster Ezzelino joined his enemies;—Piero de Vigne, his chancellor and favourite friend through life, was detected, it is said, in the very act of giving him poison;—and in 1250, at the age of 56, Frederic died at Fiorenzuola in Apulia,—of fever according to some,—according to others, strangled by his youngest illegitimate son Manfred.

There is probably no historical personage of any age about whom chroniclers have given such widely different accounts as of this Emperor,—some placing him on the highest pinnacle of excellence, others reviling him as a fiend in human form. Unquestionably, his reign, like his father's, was disfigured by atrocious cruelties, and he exceeded his father in debauchery and sacrilege. He reflected far too strongly the vices of the savage times in which he lived;—but at the same time he possessed qualities of very high order which mark him as grandly superior to his contemporaries, and would make him distinguished in any age. It was his constant endeavour to improve the barbarous legislation of the feudal system which had long disgraced Europe; and the code of laws which he proposed at the diet of Capua in 1231 clearly shews the way in which he would have introduced reforms. Foreseeing the dangers with which the rise of the free cities, as well as the ambition of the Popes and excessive power of the nobles, threatened the empire, he desired to establish a well-organised government, which, whilst representing the interests of all parties, should be able to restrain any section of the community that would destroy the balance of power. This idea was however too far in advance of the age; and feudal prejudice in Germany and Papal opposition in Italy prevented him from realizing it. In Sicily only was he able to carry out what he wished; and there, to the two estates of which the Sicilian Parliament had consisted since the days of King Roger, viz., the Nobles and the Clergy, he added a third,—the 'Demaniali,' or representatives of the principal cities, whose primary object would be to assist the crown against the overweening power of the Barons. (Rosario di Gregorio, 'Storia di Sicilia,' capp. v. and vi.) This, we may observe, was established in 1240, twenty-five years before the English House of Commons held its first meeting in St. Catherine's Chapel within the precincts of the Abbey of Westminster.

Villani (lib. vi. cap. 1) says the Emperor was an unusually good linguist, speaking with ease Arabic, Greek, Latin, Italian, Norman-French and German, and writing well in most of these languages. . . Of his Latin epistles, twelve volumes, chiefly on diplomatic subjects, have lately been edited at Paris by Huillard-Breholles, under the direction of the Duc de Luynes; and several written to King Henry III. of England and Richard Duke of Cornwall are given by 'Matthew of Westminster,' and in Rymer's *Fœdera*. Some of his minstrel-songs in the Italian vernacular, which he helped greatly to improve, have come down to us; and Dante, who was born fourteen years after his death, speaking of him in highest terms says that the *volgare Siciliano* was so superior to every other dialect, that all poems written by Italians at that time were said to be written in Sicilian, "si chiamano in Siciliano." The best known of the Emperor's works is a book on falconry, "De cum avibus venando," printed by Elzevir in 1596: it is remarkable for its close treatment of the subject, and is a valuable handbook for anyone studying the nature and habits of the hawk. He was a most generous patron of art in all its branches. He improved every city in which he took an interest; and palaces and castles arose in new ones built after his own

designs. Poets and men of literature soon felt the value of a sovereign who heartily encouraged them ; and he is said to have been the first monarch to establish a poet laureate, whom he crowned with his own hand. Painting also he helped on greatly ; and three Pre-Cimabuan artists are named to whom he was a warm patron. He took a zealous interest even amidst his wars in furthering commerce and agriculture. Under him the Academy of Salerno became renowned as the highest school of medicine in Europe. He advanced the Universities of Bologna and Padua, and founded those of Naples and Vienna. He had the works of Aristotle and Ptolemy, lately brought from the East, translated into Latin, and thereby fostered the greatest movement made during the middle ages towards advancement in science. Small in stature, his figure stands out prominently before all the Kings of his time in personal influence upon his own generation and the next. He was unquestionably the greatest monarch of the 13th century : and had he not perpetrated and counselled base meannesses worthy only of an assassin and cowardly tyrant, we might call him a great man, as well as a Prince of extraordinary skill and power.

Over his private vices it is necessary to draw the thickest possible veil ; but we would gladly follow Dean Milman in thinking that the utter irreligion of which he has been accused is an exaggeration of his Guelphic enemies. It seems more than probable that the infidel work which he was accused by Pope Gregory of having written never existed at all. His letters certainly shew that he professed during his life, as it is said he did at death, intellectual adherence to the Christian faith ; and it was probably the violently unpleasant language which he used against the dogma of transubstantiation, newly introduced in his time, which caused the charges of heresy and atheism to be brought against him. Unhappily, his is not the character that we would willingly connect with any movement made towards Reformation in the Christian Church ; ambition and self-aggrandisement were too evidently the motives that led him in that direction : but his words respecting the purely spiritual nature of Ecclesiastical authority were very often very wholesome ; and leaving his motives out of the question, Europe must feel indebted to him for having dared at the critical moment to stem the torrent of Papal ambition which was fast rising towards Universal Temporal Supremacy, and to do so at the risk of dying, as he did, anathematised and excommunicated.

Amongst his numerous wives, whom he kept guarded in Oriental fashion, and none of whom survived him, the three chief were Constance, daughter of Alphonzo II., King of Arragon, Iolanthe, daughter and heiress of John de Brienne, King of Jerusalem, and Isabella, third daughter of King John of England ; for whom, and the sons Henry, Conrad, and Henry, whom they respectively bore him, see Genealogical Table No. 2. at the end of this Note. It would be difficult to say who succeeded him in the empire, for so distracted was the state of affairs during the twenty-three years that followed his death (a period known in the History of Germany as the Great Interregnum), that, although four semi-emperors may be mentioned,

Conrad iv., his eldest surviving son,—William, Count of Holland,—Alphonzo x., King of Castille,—and our English Richard, Duke of Cornwall, no monarch seems to have been recognized by the whole nation until the election of Rodolph, Count of Hapsburgh, in 1273. In the kingdom of Sicily he was succeeded by his illegitimate son Manfred, who gave noble assistance to poets and men of science, and successfully furthered the extirpation of his father's lawful descendants. In 1266, shortly before Manfred's death, Sicily was given by the Pope to Charles, Duke of Anjou, brother of King Louis ix., but the tyranny of this new ruler being found unbearable by the Sicilians, in 1282 the great massacre, known as the Sicilian Vespers, took place, and Peter III. (Magnus), King of Arragon, who had married King Manfred's only daughter, was allowed to take possession of the island crown.

2^{ndly}. Frederic, erroneously called by Hoffmeister "the first," being properly the second king of that name in Sicily, born 1202. He was the third son of the above-mentioned King Peter III. of Arragon (the first of Sicily), and was for some years governor of the island under his elder brother, James. In 1296, after his brother's accession to the throne of Arragon, he procured his election to the kingdom of Sicily by popular vote, and was crowned the same year at Palermo. After a long warfare with his brother and Charles II. of Arragon, King of Naples, he arranged peace by marrying Eleanor, daughter of the latter monarch, at Messina in 1302. On that occasion he agreed to give up the title of King of Sicily and take that of King of Trinacria; but after King Charles's death he took back the old title, and, making war upon Robert, Charles's son, seized Reggio and several other Apulian towns. This led him into a long warfare of seventeen years with the Kings of France, Arragon, Naples, and the Pope, until his death at Catana in 1337, from gout, at the age of 66. He was succeeded by his son, Peter II., who married Elizabeth, daughter of Otho, Count of the Tyrol.

3^{rdly}. Frederic, sometimes called "the second," properly the third, of Sicily, born 1341. He was the fifth son of the above-mentioned Peter II., whom he succeeded at the age of fourteen. During his minority, Sicily became the prey of Joanna, Queen of Naples, and her favourites. This young king proved far too amiable for stormy times and treacherous subjects; and through forgiving a gross injury received from one of his nobles, Guy of Ventimigliano, he acquired the name of Simplex. He married Constance, daughter of Peter IV., King of Arragon, and died in 1377. Shortly after his death,—through the marriage of his only child, the Princess Mary, with Martin, son of Martin, King of Arragon,—the kingdom of Sicily lapsed again to the crown of Spain.

There is yet another monarch, whom, as being pointed to by Schmidt and Gotzinger, it is necessary to mention here, viz., Frederic, who, in 1494, succeeded his nephew Ferdinand in the kingdom of Naples, and was deposed in 1504 by Louis XII. of

France and Ferdinand the Catholic. One word respecting him is sufficient, viz., that he never was King of Sicily.

These three monarchs then being in the field—let us now look at the earliest records that make mention of Nicolas Pesce.

The first is that of Alexander ab Alexandro, who in his *Dies Geniales* (Rome, 1522, fol., lib. ii. cap. xxi.), speaking of remarkable runners and swimmers, says that Iovian Pontanus told him of a marvellous swimmer who lived 'si quidem patrum nostrorum memoriâ,' Colan by name, a native of Catana, and commonly called the Fish: that he passed more of his time in the sea than on land, and could not breathe comfortably if he was more than a day out of water: that he swam at times over five hundred stadia, and went occasionally as far as Gaieta and other distant Italian towns: and how, on a festal day at Messina, the king threw a golden goblet into the straits as a prize for the man who could fetch it: that Colan dived, and never came up, and his body was never found. Alexander thinks he must have got fixed in one of the numerous submarine caverns which he supposes to abound beneath the Straits of Messina. This account, we see, makes no mention either of a local whirlpool, or of the king's name.

Next to Alexander, in point of time, comes a chronicler who has escaped the observation of all the German commentators, but who is of the highest authority, and gives the one thing wanted, viz., a date.

Franciscus Maurolycus, in his '*Sicanica Historia*' (lib. i. p. 44), given in Grævius ('*Thesaurus Antiq. Sicil.*' vol. 4), says:—

"We should mention here, as worthy of record, a certain Sicilian, Colas, who is said to have been a native of Catana, and who lived for whole days in the water. He perished at last in the whirlpool of Charybdis, whilst seeking for a goblet thrown in by the command of Frederic, in the year of Salvation 1233: concerning whom Pontanus and Riccobaldus have written in their chronicles. Frederic dying in Apulia, in the year of Salvation 1250, his bastard son Manfred succeeded him."

Fortunately, this little added sentence removes all doubt that might have arisen of there being any misplacement of the numerals in the date: and so, as this really reliable authority gives all we want, we need go no further, save than to observe that Fazelli's account, quoted by every commentator, is only an amplification of that of Alexander ab Alexandro, in which (without the 'si quidem'), 'patrum nostrorum memoria, Frederic, then King of Sicily,' sends Colas the Fish three times down the whirlpool before the final catastrophe occurs; and that it is probably the loose language of this commonly inaccurate chronicler which, in the absence of more information, induced Hoffmeister to refer the period of the story to the reign

of one of the Arragonian Frederics, Kings of Sicily. The authority of the careful and learned Maurolycus, the best mathematician of his time (cf. Teissier's 'Eloges des Hommes Savans'), is quite enough to enable us to decide that *the monarch alluded to is the trebly excommunicated Emperor Frederic II.*; and it is amusing to see what fright the very mention of his name caused in these several writers. Alexander, whose book was published under the immediate patronage of the Roman See (the fly-leaf of the editio princeps bearing an apostolical imprecation upon all who should pirate its contents), does not dare to whisper his name. The courteous Abbot Maurolycus, who has tried hard to dwell upon the good side of the Emperor's character, and is not commonly wont to speak of royal personages with uncouth familiarity, calls him only 'Frederic.' Fazelli, also a Dominican and Professor of Theology at Messina, ventures very little more with 'Frederic, then King of Sicily:' and Father Kircher (to whom we are indebted for the important collection of natural history and antiquities in the Jesuit's College at Rome) dares hardly go more than a step further in 'King Frederic of Sicily.' The same caution is observable in our English 'Matthew of Westminster,' generally so bold. After 1245, the year of the last terrible anathema thundered at Lyons, the Imperial title ceases, and this Monarch becomes 'Frederic, whom we are forbidden to call or style Emperor.'

Had Merivale but known what interesting matter lurked behind Kircher's words, he would not, we think, have been content to allow the clouds of uncertainty to remain upon them: he certainly would not have expressed the opinion (with which however we may thoroughly agree), that few persons probably will care to know whether Nicolas Pesce flourished under Frederic II. or Frederic III. (called by him first and second) of Sicily.

It was apparently about the year 1233, i. e. during the short period of calm following his return from the Holy Land, that the Emperor made his cruel experiments mentioned by Salimbene: the first upon two live men at Messina in order to test the process of digestion; and the second upon a large number of infants in the hope of ascertaining the origin of language. As the unfortunate little victims all died, no discovery was made as to whether Hebrew, Greek, German, Norman-French, or Italian is the most natural human vernacular. It was possibly also about this same time that the experiment mentioned by Montanus was made in Sicily upon Mount Ætna, when a German knight, to gratify king Frederic's curiosity, descended into the crater, whence, as we might naturally suppose, he never returned. The Emperor was evidently a keen inquirer into the mysteries of nature; and if we bear in mind the intense admiration which he had for Aristotle, and connect with that admiration the legendary death of the great philosopher, which, though resting on uncertain evidence, has been often quoted by high authorities from S. Gregory Nazianzen down to Baptista Porta and Galileo, we can well understand how ardently such a monarch would long to solve at Charybdis the mystery of whirlpools which had for many years baffled his great master in the Euripus.

It would be interesting to discover what Jovian Pontanus, to whom both Alexander and Maurolycus refer, has written concerning the history of Nicolas Pesce; but apparently amongst his many works on widely-varying subjects no mention whatever is made of Colan or the dive into Charybdis: and Riccobaldus (also referred to by Maurolycus) is an author whose works are not very easily to be obtained in England. One may hope that before many years a history of Sicily will be written by some British or American scholar, who has the diligence and the time and the means necessary for putting together what would be a great work, and highly interesting, whilst it would embrace matters connected not only with all the chief kingdoms of Europe, but with the movements and progress of the Saracens since the year 830, when they took the island from the Emperors of Constantinople.

In a side chapel of the Cathedral at Palermo is a large porphyry sarcophagus supported by lions, which still holds the remains of the Emperor Frederic II. It was opened in 1342, and again in 1781. He was found wrapt in an imperial robe with an embroidered border which showed that it had been presented in 1211 by the Saracens of Sicily to the Emperor Otho IV. On his head was the imperial crown, described as resembling those worn at the Court of Byzantium; his feet were booted and spurred, and in his jewelled hands were the sceptre and the orb unsurmounted by the cross. (Gregorio, 'Discorsi intorno alla Sicilia,' tom. ii. capp. 39 & 40.)

An epitaph, formerly on the sarcophagus, now erased, ran as follows:—

Si probitas, sensus, virtutum gratia, census,
Nobilitas orti possent resistere morti,
Non foret extinctus Fridericus qui jacet intus.

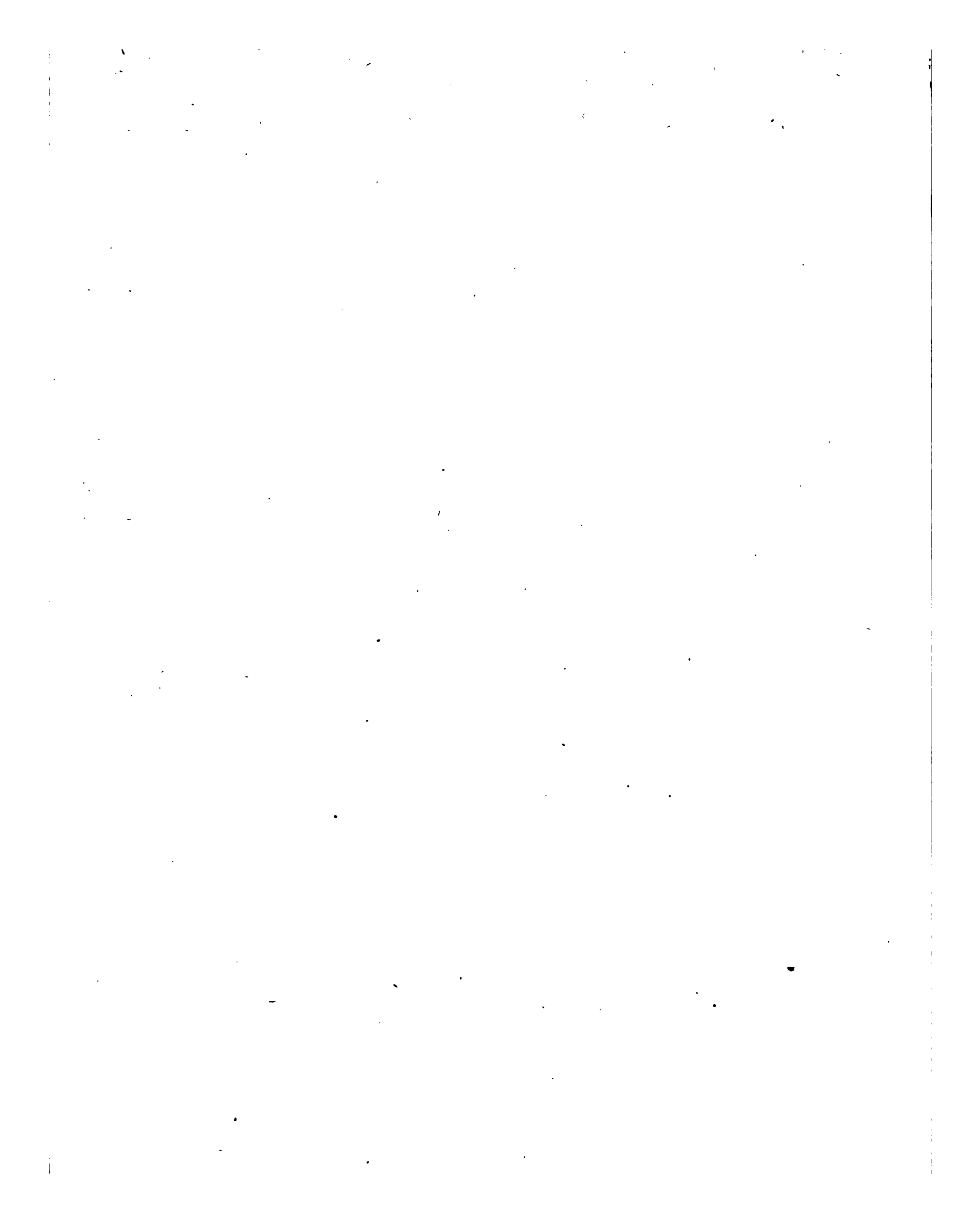
This emperor held an unusual number of royal honours, having the right to wear more than seven crowns, viz. I. that of the Roman Empire, II. of the kingdom of Germany, III. the iron crown of Lombardy, IV. V. VI. those of the kingdoms of Jerusalem, Sicily, and Sardinia, VII. VIII. of the dukedoms of Burgundy and Suabia.

It would be superfluous here to give a list of reference to the many chroniclers that speak in various terms of Frederick II.; but the work of one contemporary English writer, viz., the 'Historia Major' of Matthew Paris, Benedictine monk of St. Albans, who died 1259, is easily obtainable, being amongst Bohn's translations. The 'Flores Historiarum' of the so-called Matthew of Westminster is also in the same series. These two works are very probably, as Sir Frederic Madden has shewn, traceable to the same author, but both contain much interesting matter and quote letters from the Emperor to the court of England. Amongst modern writers, Dean Milman in vol. vi. of the 'History of Latin Christianity,' and Mr. Kington in his 'Life of Frederic II.,' have given in detail more fully than any others the circumstances of this remarkable Emperor's life and character.

Tables shewing
the Norman and Suabian ancestry of
FREDERIC II.

Emperor of the West and of Germany ;
King of the Romans and of Lombardy,
of the Two Sicilies, Jerusalem and Sardinia ;

and the descent of
The Royal and Imperial House of England,
and of the Royal House of Naples,
from him.



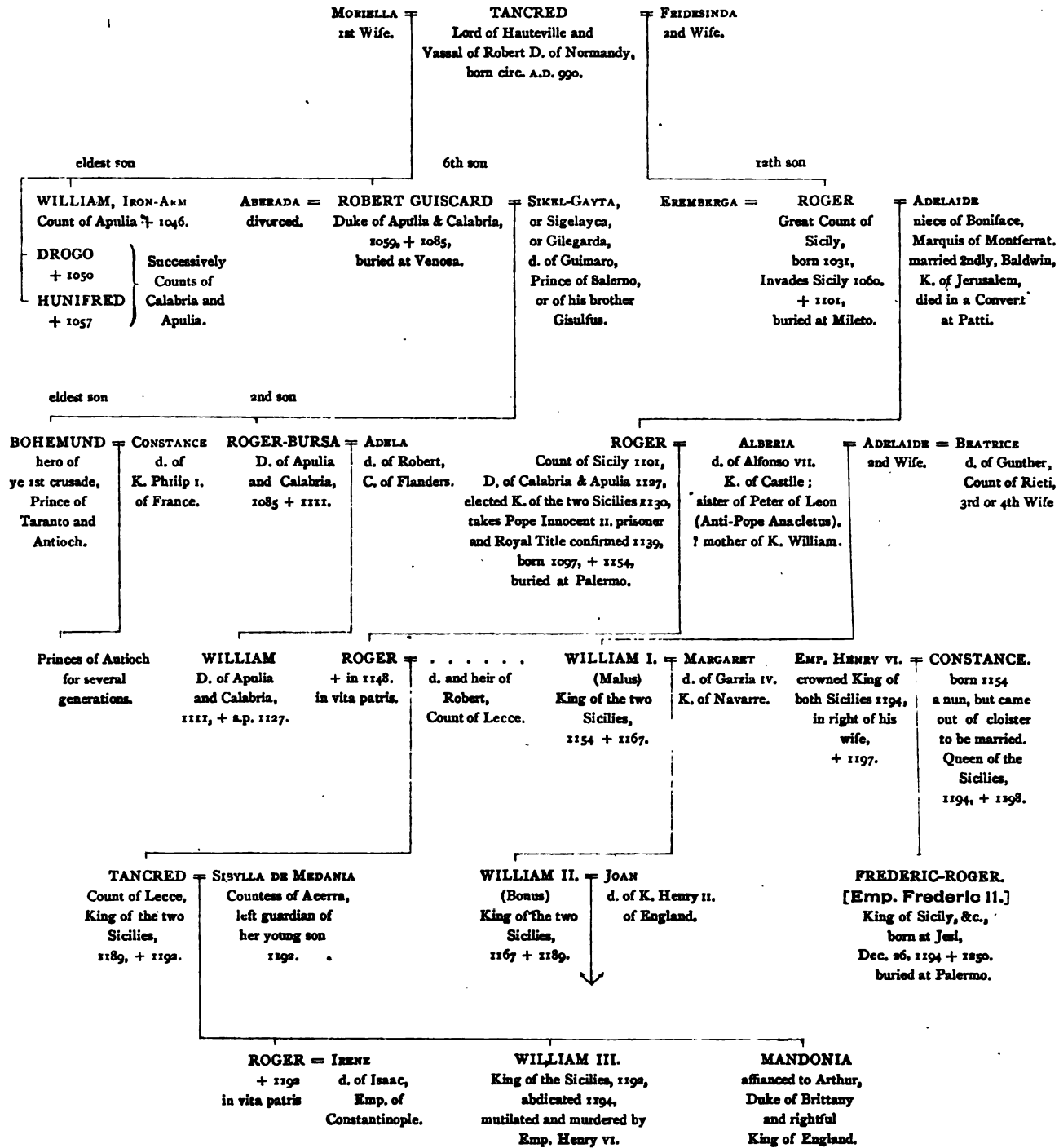
Origin of the Norman Power in Sicily ; and gradual establishment of the Kingdom by
Count Roger, great grandfather, and Count Roger II., grandfather of 'King Frederic of Sicily.'

- A.D. 1010.—Forty Normans, returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, land at Salerno, with the intention of visiting Mount Gargano and the tomb of S. Benedict.. They save the town during an attack of the Saracens. Guiamar, the Lombard Duke of Salerno, presses the pilgrims to remain. They go away loaded with costly presents, and return next year to the assistance of the Duke.
- 1020.—Pandulphus, Prince of Capua, grants the town of Aversa to a band of Norman troops in his service.
- 1021.—They restore Sergius (dispossessed) to his Dukedom of Naples. In return, he gives his daughter to Raynulfus, with the title of Count of Aversa.
- 1022.—The Normans invite their brethren from France. Tancred, Lord of Hauteville, having a large family of sons, sends the three eldest with a few followers to South Italy.
- 1023.—They first serve the Count of Teano ; afterwards help the Prince of Salerno to capture Sorrento and Amalfi.
- 1025.—They assist the Greeks to take Syracuse and a large part of Sicily from the Saracens. Being unrewarded, on their return to Calabria they seize Melfi, Venosa, and other places. They gradually drive out the Greeks and Lombards, and form 'Apulia.'
- 1043.—The Normans assemble at Melfi, and elect William Iron-Arm Count of Apulia.
- 1053.—Hunifred and Robert Guiscard take Pope Leo IX. (Bruno) prisoner at the battle of Civitella.
- 1058-9.—Robert Guiscard, as leader of his countrymen, completes the conquest of S. Italy, and obtains from Pope Nicholas II. the title of Duke of Apulia.
- 1060-1.—Ben et Themnah, ejected from the Governorship of Catania, invites Roger, brother of Duke Robert and youngest son of Tancred, to invade Sicily.
Count Roger sets sail by night with 270 men : surprises the garrison at Messina, and takes the city.
Duke Robert goes over to assist him. They fight the Saracens at Castro Giovanni—700 men against 15,000, and gain an important victory.
- 1062.—Traina is ceded to Count Roger by the Greeks.
- 1063.—Count Robert marries Eremberga (or Judith), daughter of Robert de Grentemesnil, Prior of St. Evrault in Normandy.
- 1064.—The Greeks at Traina revolt ; but, after four months fighting, the Normans regain possession of the town.
- 1070.—Great victory over the Saracens at the river Cerami. Appearance of St. George. The Emir of Palermo slain.
- 1071.—Bari, a town of importance, submits to the Count.
- 1072.—Blockade and capture of Palermo by Duke Robert and his brother. The Duke cedes to him the dominion of all that has been conquered, excepting the town of Palermo, which he retains.
Count Roger takes the title of Great Count of Sicily.
- 1077.—Trapani is attacked and taken.
- 1078.—Taormina is starved into submission. Count Roger establishes a Bishopric at Traina.
- 1080.—Michael, Emperor of Constantinople, whose son Constantine had married Robert Guiscard's daughter, is dethroned by Nicephorus. Michael applies to Duke Robert for assistance. Meanwhile Nicephorus is in his turn dethroned by Alexius Comnenus. The Duke, to avenge his daughter, collects a large army and passes over into Epirus.
- 1081.—The Byzantine army completely routed at Durazzo. The Emperor Alexius with difficulty saves himself by flight.

- A.D. 1082-3.—News arrives that the Pope (Gregory VII. Hildebrand) whom the Duke had sworn to defend, is besieged by the Emperor Henry IV. in the castle of St. Angelo, and claims his assistance. He leaves his son Bohemund in command at Durazzo, and marches to Rome. The Emperor Henry hearing of his approach withdraws to Germany, and the Pope is escorted to the Lateran. Quarrel between the Romans and Normans. Duke Robert sets fire to Rome and reduces half the city to ashes—all between the Lateran and Coliseum. [Malaterra lib. III. c. 37.] [The son of Tancred had thus within two years conquered the Emperor of the East, overawed the Emperor of the West, released the greatest of all the Popes from confinement, and done more injury than Alaric to the Capital of the World.]
- 1083-4.—Bohemund gains a series of victories over Emperor Alexius. The Duke with 120 vessels gains victory at sea over the Greek and Venetian fleets. Nothing now between him and the throne of the Eastern Empire. Landing at Cephalonia he is seized with a fever, and dies in six days. [Anna Comnena; Alexiad, lib. III., IV., and Gulielm Apuliensis].
- 1086.—Count Roger takes Syracuse, Castro Giovanni, and Girgenti.
- 1088.—The Pope (Urban II. Odo) visits Sicily. Concession of special favours under Papal Bull:—Never shall legate be sent to Sicily against the will of the Count and his heirs, who shall be always considered Vice-Legates of the Roman See.
- 1090.—Noto, the last stronghold of the Saracens, yields to the Count. A Norman Nobility created, and the feudal system established.
- 1091.—The Count takes Malta and Gozo. Episcopal Sees established at Palermo, Messina, Syracuse, Catania, Girgenti and Mazzara. The first prelates are Normans.
- 1098.—Count Roger crosses to Calabria, at the age of 70, to reduce Capua.
- 1101.—During a second attack upon Calabria he is seized with illness, and dies at Mileto.
Four races in Sicily, viz., Normans, Lombards, Greeks, and Saracens Four languages used in proclamations. Arabic inscriptions on the reverse of coins.
Simon, eldest son of the Great Count succeeds, but dies after a few years.
- 1105.—Roger 2nd son of the Great Count succeeds. He marries Elvira, daughter of Alonzo, King of Castille.
- 1106.—Goes over with an army to assist his cousin Roger, Duke of Apulia. Palermo is conceded to him for his services.
- 1111.—Roger, Duke of Apulia, dies; his son William succeeds.
- 1127.—William, Duke of Apulia, dies without issue: Count Roger II. claims the Dukedom. Claim opposed by Pope Honorius II. (Lambert).
- 1130.—The Count conquers Papal army near Brindisi. The Barons of Apulia and Calabria do homage.
Suggestion of Royal Title for the Count as Lord of Sicily, Calabria, and Apulia.
Parliament summoned at Salerno. Unanimous vote for the Royal Title.
Coronation on Christmas Day at Palermo by the Archbishop of Palermo and the Prince of Capua as chief vassal.
- 1131-8.—Revolt of Barons in Calabria. The Pope, Innocent II. (Gregory of Papi) assists them, and leads an army in person into Calabria.
- 1139.—Barons defeated, and the Pope taken prisoner. Confirmation of the Royal title, and acquisition of Capua and Naples. [The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies is now complete.]
- 1148.—Expedition into Africa. Mahadia, Sifax and Susa taken.
- 1151.—War with Emperor Manuel Comnénus. Sicilian Fleet attacks Constantinople. Victory over the Imperial Fleet in the Mediterranean. Rescue of Louis VII. King of France, unjustly captured returning from crusade. The French Monarch conveyed to Sicily, courteously entertained and sent home. Tunis and Bona taken.
- 1152.—The King marries Beatrice of Rieti.
- 1154.—King Roger, æt 59, dies at Palermo. On the blade of his sword was engraved the following line:—
"Appalus, et Calaber, Siculus mihi servit et Afer."

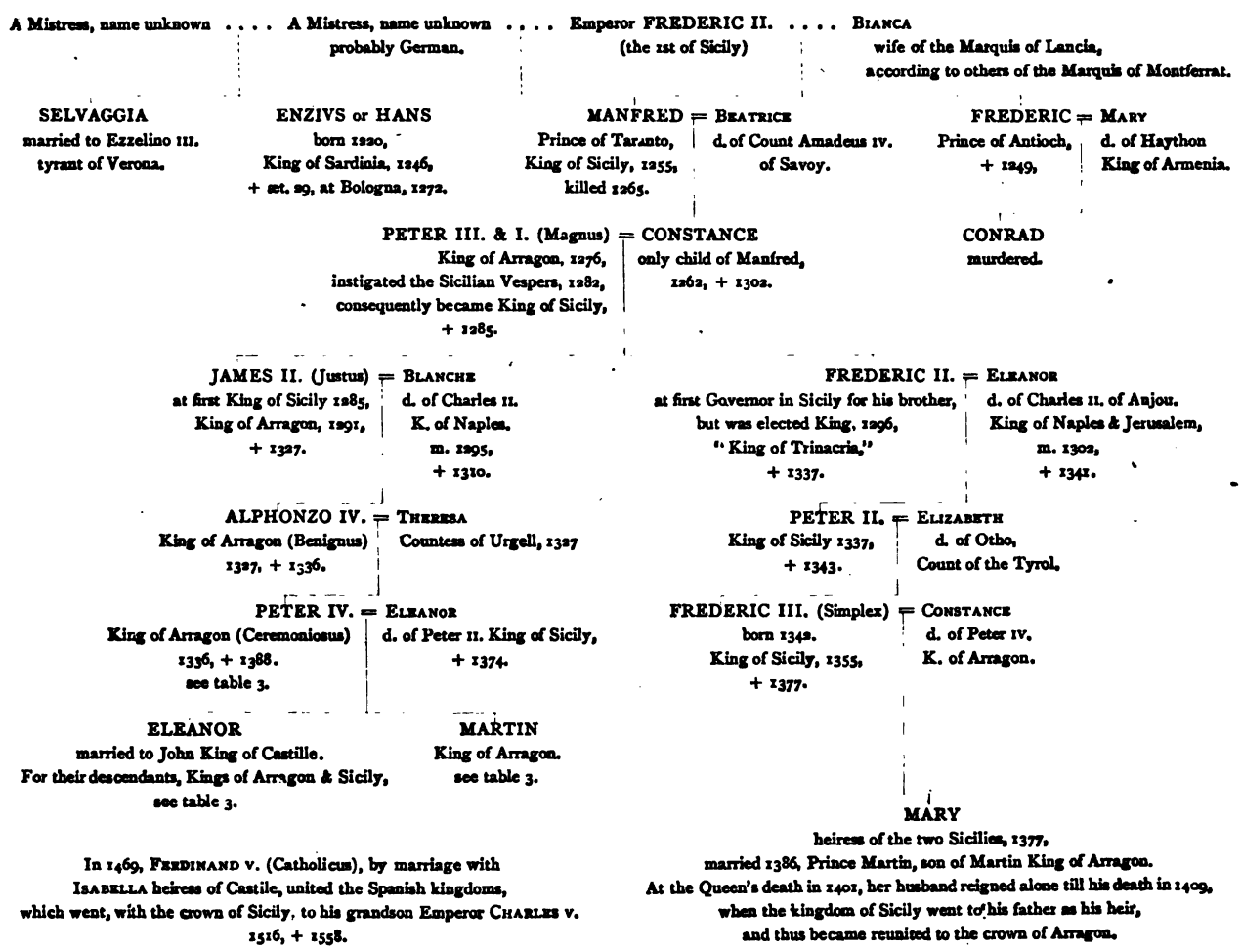
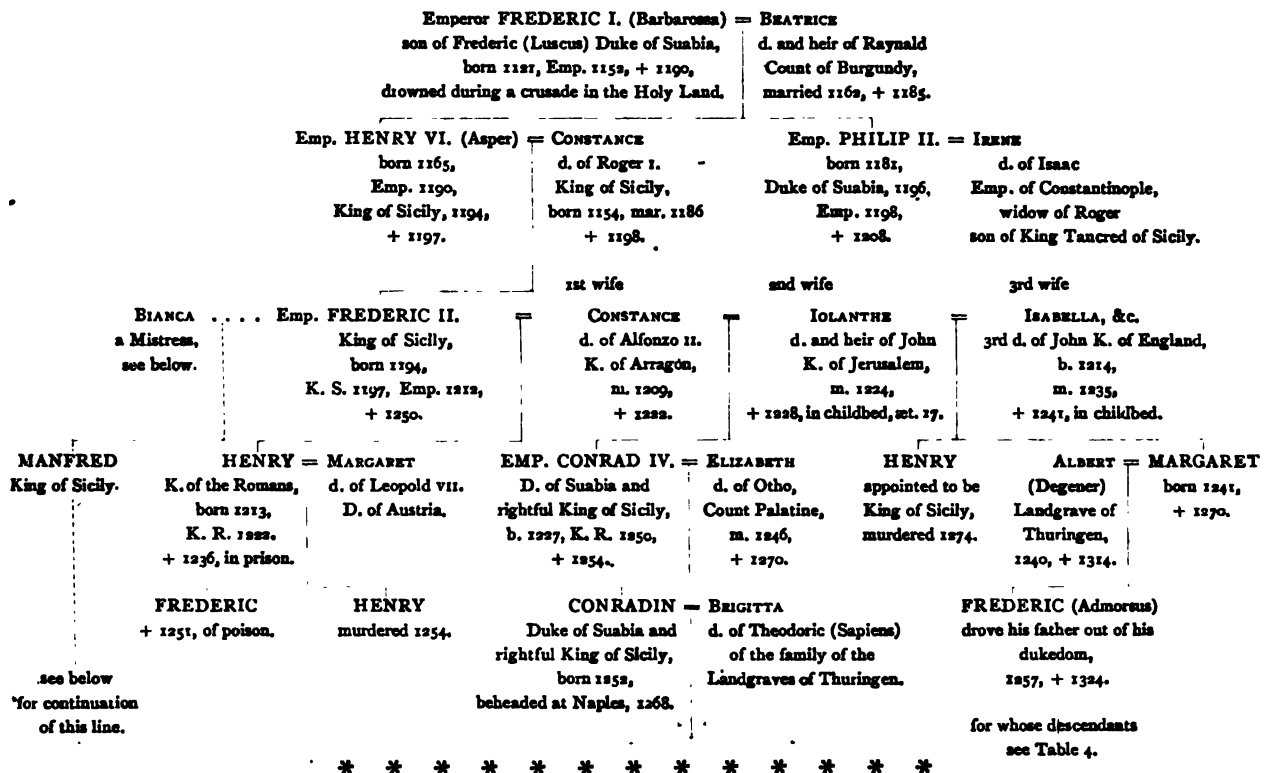
Line of the Norman Kings of Sicily. Shewing the descent of the Princess Constance, mother of 'King Frederic of Sicily,' and her claim to the throne, as daughter of King Roger.

I



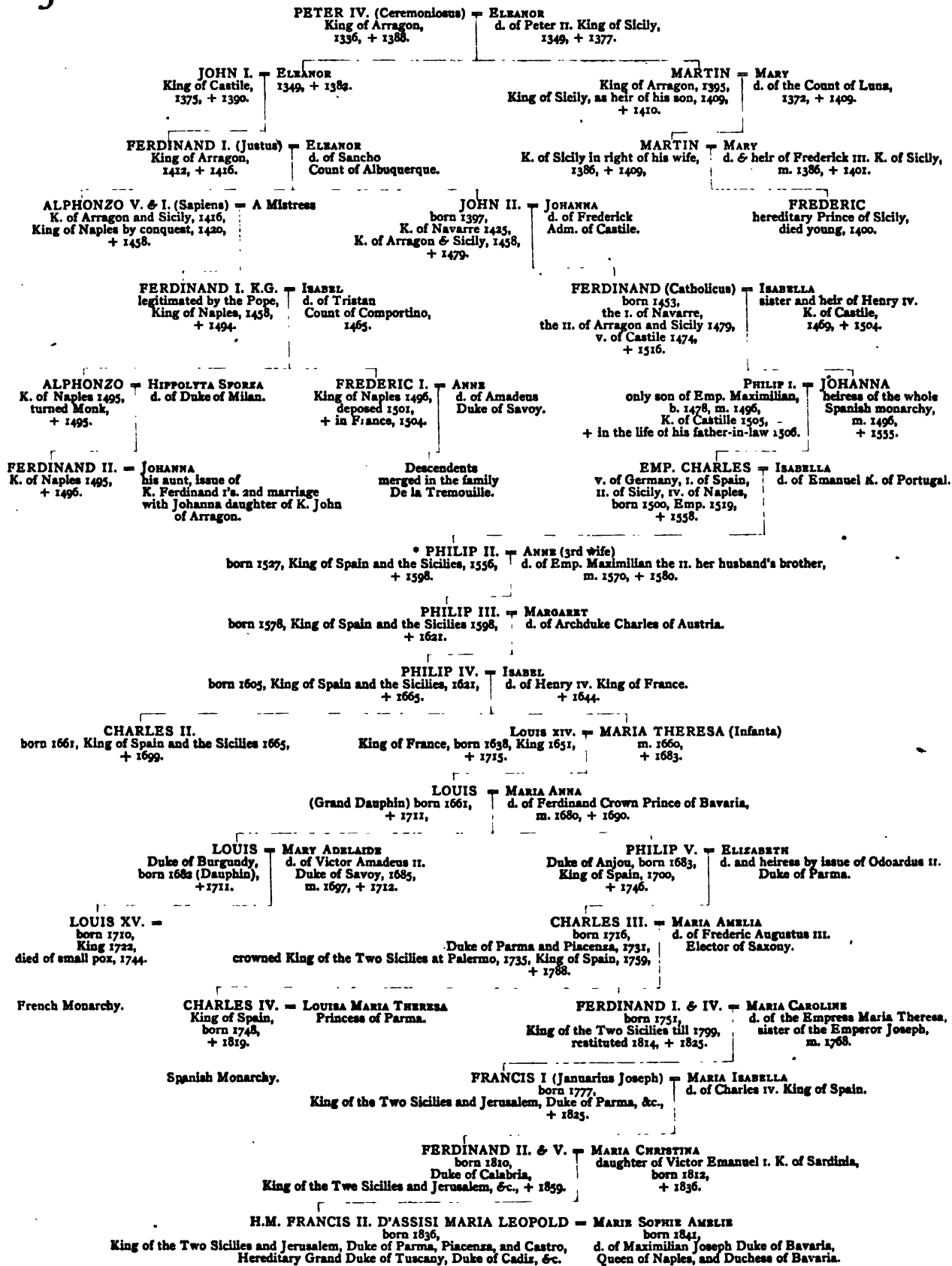
Showing the paternal descent of 'King Frederic of Sicily,' and the connection (spurious) between the Imperial House of Suabia and the Kings of Arragon, Kings of Sicily.

2



Shewing the descent of the Crown of Sicily, from the Royal House of Arragon through the Kings of Spain and France, to H.M. Francis II. King by birthright of the Two Sicilies and Jerusalem.

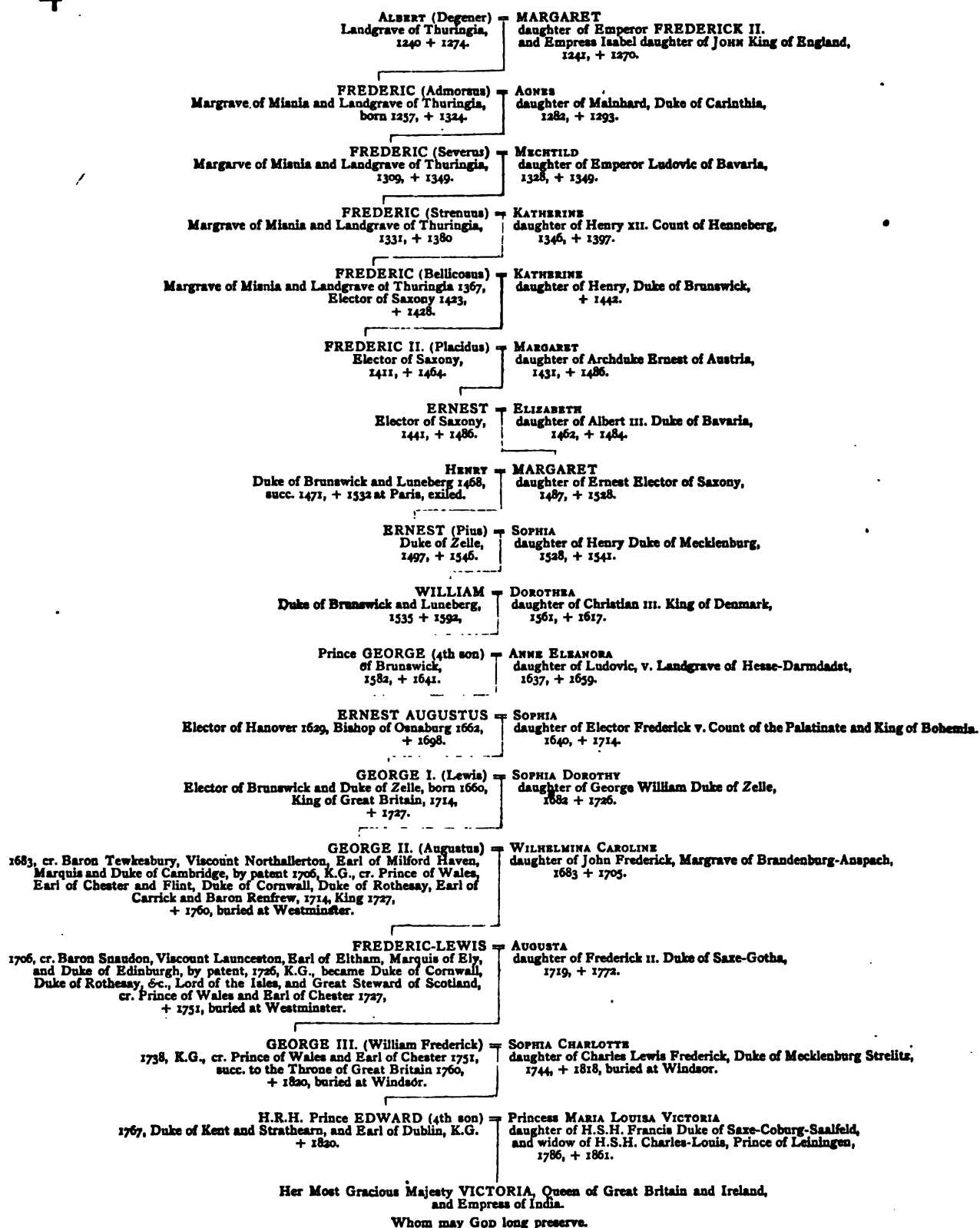
3



* Had Queen Mary, King Philip's second wife, had male issue by him, her son would, at the death of Don Carlos without issue in 1568, have worn the crown of the Sicilies jointly with those of England and Spain.

Shewing the descent of the present Royal and Imperial House of England from 'King Frederic of Sicily,' through the Landgraves of Thuringia and the Royal and Ducal Houses of Saxony and Brunswick.

4



NOTE 2.

"Charybdis."



IS there a whirlpool at all in the Straits of Messina? If so, where is it situated? and what is its size and depth when raging?

These questions have been asked so often in various ages, and answered in so many ways by so many distinguished persons from the 5th century B.C. to the 17th century of the present era, that it is instructive to hear the different accounts given respecting a phenomenon which has been often supposed, and is still supposed by many, to be altogether fabulous.

We find Circe, in the xiith book of the *Odyssey* (line 101-7), giving Ulysses strict injunctions to avoid 'dreadful Charybdis,' which is described as being within arrow-shot of the Italian coast, and immediately under the rock that stands over against Scylla: and there are apparently eddies enough at times off Cape Pelorus (Capo di Faro) that would prove fatally dangerous to the undecked galleys of the Phoenician sailors of the time of Homer. Still, allowing all that we possibly can for the serious dangers attending the inflowing and outflowing currents of the Tyrrhenian and Sicilian seas, and for the exaggeration with which the Greek mind would clothe the accounts given by travellers and sailors, we must look to some other part of these straits for an abyss resembling in any degree that which Ulysses describes as being like a cauldron seated on a mighty fire. (See lines from Homer quoted in note 8.)

Thucydides (B.C. 471), who was once stationed at Rhegium with an Athenian fleet, appears never to have seen any specially local whirlpool, for speaking of the narrow part of these straits (lib. iv. cap. xxi.) he writes:—"And this it is that is known by the name of Charybdis," "καὶ ἔστιν ἡ Χάρυβδις κληθεῖσα τοῦτο . . . ἐικότως χαλεπή." May we suppose that a small preposition has here been omitted, and for τοῦτο read ἐν τούτῳ (πορθμῷ), i. e., In this is that which is called Charybdis?

Democritus of Abdera (B.C. 460), who spent a large fortune in travelling to discover the secrets of Nature, is reported to have exceeded Homer in his marvellous description of it, for according to him (see Aristotle's *Meteors*, lib. ii. cap. 3) islands, mountains, and dry land were seen at times within the vast abyss; and he

uses this circumstance to assist his theory that the sea was gradually decreasing from the earth. Aristotle in the same passage ridicules all this as "differing in nowise from the fables of Æsop," adding that "however suitable it might be for Æsop to devise such things, it was by no means proper in an investigator of truth."

Unfortunately, the cause of flux and reflux in whirlpools was one of the few subjects that the mighty Stagyrte himself could never master; and according to one account which found much favour with St. Gregory Nazianzen and certain other Christian Fathers, vexation at being unable to discover the origin of action in the Euripus induced him in the sixty-third year of his age, B.C. 322, to commit suicide. Those who know the opinions of the great philosopher, expressed more than once, respecting self-destruction, will reject this highly improbable tale as resting upon no cotemporary authority. Aristotle, however, according to Apollodorus ('Diog. Laert.,' lib. 5), died at Chalchis, in the immediate vicinity of the whirlpool which baffled his investigations; and it was probably this circumstance which gave rise to the story and to the words placed by Elias Cretensis in the philosopher's mouth, "If Aristotle cannot catch Euripus, Euripus shall catch him."

Amongst the Roman historians, Sallust (B.C. 86), who on his way to Africa and Greece would probably sometimes have passed through these straits, writes that "Charybdis is a whirlpools sea" ('mare vorticosum'): and again, that she "sucks down by hidden whirlpools ships that haply are drawn into her, and carries them for sixty miles to the Taurominian shore," (Servius, cf. Lemaire, 'Sallustii fragmenta,' p. 139, 140). There is error here in the distance given, Taormina being nearer sixteen than sixty miles to the south of Messina.

Livy (B.C. 54) disbelieves in the great dangers attributed to these straits, and thinks them fabulous (lib. xxix.).

Strabo (B.C. 50 to A.D. 20), who, like Sallust, might speak from personal experience, had evidently seen the real Charybdis (the 'Calofaro'), for he describes it as being "outside the harbour of Messana, of great depth, and dangerous to ships, which are frequently during storms drawn into it and dashed to pieces, their wrecks being thrown up on the shore near Taurominium, which is called from these accumulations 'the dunghill'" (lib. vi. cap. ii.).

Ovid (born B.C. 43), who once made a tour through Sicily with his friend the poet Macer, and passed nearly a year in the island, calls Charybdis (Metam. viii.) 'agitata austro',—and 'avida',—and 'irrequieta,' 'never at rest' (Metam. lib. xiv.), and (Trist. lib. v. Elog. 2) 'Zanclæa',—an epithet which leads us to think that he is speaking of the Calofaro, close to Messana, whose most ancient name was 'Zancle:' whilst in two lines from his invective against Ibis,

(pereas) "Ut quos Scylla rapax, Scyllæque adversa Charybdis
Dulichisæ pavidos eripuerat."

he is probably alluding to one of the whirlpools off Cape Pelorus.

The elder Pliny (A.D. 23), who probably knew these waters well, and was commanding the fleet at Misenum when the first eruption of Vesuvius took place, August 24, A.D. 79, writes (lib. iii. cap. 8): "In those straits are Scylla, and Charybdis, a whirlpooly sea, both celebrated for their danger."

Juvenal, born in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, tells us that, when there was no wind from the south, fishers' boats went safely over Charybdis, and that unusually large lampreys were taken in her depths, (Sat. v. 99).

"Virroni muræna datur, quæ maxima venit
Gurgite de Siculo; nam, dum se continet Auster,
Dum sedet, et siccat madidas in carcere pennas,
Contemnunt mediam temeraria lina Charybdim."

Seneca (A.D. 65) writing to Lucilius (Epist. lxxix.); and probably wanting the information for his work on 'Questiones Naturales,' desires to be informed "if Charybdis equals the fabulous descriptions given, and whether it is set in motion by one wind in particular, or by storm-winds from all quarters alike; and whether all that is absorbed by the whirling current is carried for miles southward and cast up on the Taurominian shore." And again,—in a celebrated passage in his letter of consolation to Marcia, in which he compares life and its changes to a journey to Syracuse, "You will then see that fabulous Charybdis, quiet, provided there be no wind from the south,—but if a slight breeze blow from that quarter—absorbing ships in a broad and deep abyss."

Late in the winter of A.D. 60, a ship of Alexandria, bearing the sign of Castor and Pollux, passed through these waters, steering her course northward from Rhegium to Puteoli. The south wind (that which was supposed especially to excite Charybdis) was blowing, and we may imagine how those on board would as they drew near to Messina look out with interest for the locality of the famous whirlpool.

In the next century Pausanias the 'traveller,' in his Eliaci, calls the sea near Messina "*θαλάσσης χειμεριωτάτη πάσης*," and says that thirty-five choristers and a flute-playing choir-leader, who had set out to cross the straits to a festival at Rhegium, were lost here during the reign of the Emperor Hadrian.

Immediately after him Philostratus,—and in the 7th century St. Isidore, Bishop of Seville,—Suidas in the 10th,—and Tzetzes in the 12th,—speak of the dangers of the whirlpooly sea in terms similar to Sallust and Strabo, save that Suidas places Charybdis near Gades, beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, and St. Isidore, following Homer and Virgil, says that three times a day she swallows the water and three times disgorges it. (Orig. lib. xiii. cap. xviii.)

Coming down to more modern times, Francis Maurolycus (born 1494), a native of Messina, and abbot of one of its monasteries, narrates the circumstance of Nicolas Pesce being lost in Charybdis, which he describes as a whirlpooly sea outside the harbour of Messina, dangerous to ships; and says that it carries the victims it absorbs southward to Taormina.

Fazelli (circ. 1550), also a native historian of Sicily, devotes nearly four long pages folio to Charybdis, which he calls "locus omnino periculosissimus et naufragiis infamis:" and again, "mare ferventissimum, profundum, immensum ac sævum est." He exceeds all prose writers, ancient and modern, in his superlative description of its danger, and mentions that an undercurrent carries its victims to Taormina.

On the other hand, the learned geographer Philip Clavier (born at Dantzic, 1580) reports that he stayed several days at Messina for the purpose of investigating the truth of the various traditions, and inquired diligently of the men of the place, and questioned sailors, Italian, Belgic, British, and French, who frequented the harbour, but could find out nothing. The whole matter was dark and unknown to them. He only learnt that there were two great currents in the straits, the Calofaro and the Rema, and he was shown, off Cape Pelorus, a whirlpool in which a ship of Palermo and a Dutch brig became entangled, and got out with great difficulty.

The writer of these notes has to plead experience of the same disappointment as Clavier; for, landing at Messina in August, 1859, in the hope of gaining personal acquaintance with the whirlpool, he was unable during a stay of several hours to glean any tidings respecting it. The boatmen of the place utterly ignored its existence, and the town-librarian and others whom he consulted considered it a thing of the past. Certainly at that moment all was most calm on the spot mentioned in 'Memoirs of Sicily,' as the nest of Charybdis; and from the heights above the city no current whatever between Zancle and the coast of Italy seemed to disturb the peace of those beautiful waters. Apparently a boy might have safely crossed any part of them in a small boat.

The same unsatisfactory result would probably attend another visit of a few days to the city of Orion during calm weather, as the Messinians, jealous of their harbour's reputation, maintain that since the eruption of *Ætna* which destroyed part of Catania in 1669, and the great earthquake of 1783, Charybdis has lost all its terrors. Against this supposition, however, we have the evidence of three high authorities who, severally since these dates, have been eye-witnesses to the dangers of the 'Charilla':—

Ist, that of Athanasius Kircher, who, before publishing his 'Mundus Subterraneus' in 1678, made a long and careful examination of the whole coast and waters from Cape Pelorus to the bay below Messina, and arrives at the conclusion that Charybdis is in modern times, during storms and the action of certain currents, what it always was, viz., *a dangerous whirlpool, chiefly affected by the 'Syrophænix,' or Scirocco, and generally carrying the victim it absorbs southward to Taormina.* (See "Mund. Subt.," lib. ii. cap. xvi.)

2ndly, that of Abbot Lazzaro Spallanzani, Regius Professor of Natural History at the University of Pavia, who visited Sicily in 1788, and like Kircher made diligent examination of the Calofaro and the currents that affect it. He describes it as being about 750 feet distant from the shore, in that part of the sea which lies between the projection of land called Punta Secca and the Lanterna, or spot where a lighthouse formerly stood, from which 'beautiful Pharos' it derives its name. "The phenomenon of the Calofaro," he writes, "is observable when the Rema or strong current of the straits is descending, i. e., coming from the north. This current ascends or descends at the rising or setting of the moon, and continues for six hours. In the interval between each ascent or descent there is a calm which lasts at least a quarter of an hour, but never more than an hour. The current coming from the north makes angles of incidence with the shore before it reaches the Calofaro, and causes delay which often lasts two hours. Sometimes, however, it goes straight into the Calofaro, and then experience teaches that it is a sure sign of bad weather." Being assured by pilots that there was no danger in visiting the dreadful place, Spallanzani approached it in a 'barca' manned by four experienced boatmen. Seen from the shore it appeared to be a group of tumultuous waters, which as he drew near seemed very formidable and dangerous, but arriving at the brink he became convinced that it was not a real whirlpool, i. e., not a vortex. "Hydrologists," he observes, "teach us that by a whirlpool we are to understand that circular course which running water takes under certain circumstances, and that this circular course forms in its centre a hollow inverted cone of more or less depth, the internal sides of which have a spiral motion. But nothing of this kind was perceptible in the Calofaro. Its revolving motion was circumscribed within a circle of at most 100 feet in diameter, within which there was no vertiginous motion, but *an incessant undulation of agitated waters, which fell and beat and dashed against each other.*" Convinced that there was no gulf under the Calofaro, the learned abbot sounded and found its greatest depth to be 500 feet (43 fathoms). From all these observations he wisely concluded that at that moment there was no whirlpool in Charybdis, whatever there might be when the sea was tempestuous. He then made inquiry of the pilots, and obtained from them the following information:— "When the current and the wind are both in great violence and contrary to each other, and especially if the south wind is blowing, the waves swell furiously within the Calofaro, and the agitation is very extensive. It then contains within its range three or four whirlpools, and if at such times small vessels are driven by the wind or drawn by the current into it, they are seen to whirl round, rock, and plunge." The pilots thought that they were not drawn into a vortex, but became filled with water through the seas beating over them, and so perished. "When larger vessels are forced into it they cannot extricate themselves: their sails are useless, whatever wind is blowing; and if not rescued by skilful pilots of the place they get furiously driven upon the neighbouring shore of the Lanterna, where they are wrecked, and the greater part

of the 'miseri' on board are lost." Spallanzani mentions having evident proof himself of this a few days afterwards, in the case of a Neapolitan polacca, which was coming from Puglia laden with corn. A terribly strong Levanter was blowing, and the little vessel strove hard under full sail to keep as far away from the Calofaro as possible, and gain the harbour, but the 'taglio,' as he calls it, of the current caught her, and carried her with violence into the fatal circle. "There her sails were worse than useless, and she remained for some time, beaten about hither and thither by the waves, which, surmounting her from their height, and breaking her to pieces with their violence, made a wreck of her, and only half of her cargo was saved." Thanks, however, to the promptness of some courageous sailors, who went out in two boats to her immediate rescue, they had the good fortune to save, together with a portion of her cargo, all her unfortunate 'naviganti.' This incident, the abbot observes, will shew clearly how ships become lost in Charybdis, without the assistance of a whirlpool. Spallanzani's 'Travels in the Two Sicilies,' vol. iv., cap. xxvi.

And 3rdly, the report of Captain (afterwards Admiral) Smyth, who in 1816 made a survey of these straits, and has told us in his Memoirs of Sicily almost all we can wish to know of the respective dangers of the Calofaro, and the whirlpool off Capo di Faro.

P. 123. "Outside the tongue of land, or Braccio di San Rainiere, which forms the harbour of Messina, lies the Calofaro, or celebrated vortex of Charybdis, which has with more reason than Scylla, been clothed with terrors by the writers of antiquity. To the undecked boats of the Rhegians, Locrians, Zancleans, and Greeks, it must have been formidable, for even in the present day small craft are sometimes endangered by it, and I have seen several men-of-war and even a 74-gun ship whirled round on its surface. . . . *It appears to be an agitated water of from 70 to 90 fathoms in depth, circling in quick eddies.* It is owing probably to the meeting of the harbour and lateral-currents with the main one, the latter being forced over in this direction by the opposite point of Pezzo."

In the Appendix to the same book (under 'Charybdis').—"On leaving the harbour of Messina and bound to the southward, care must be taken that the strength of the current does not carry a vessel on the Tangdora shoals (two sailing points stretching out from a sort of bay formed by the eddies of Charybdis), the sand of which, being full of bituminous particles, is nearly as hard as a rock."

And at pp. 110-112, concerning Capo di Faro. "In settled seasons there is a central stream running north and south at the rate of from two to five miles an hour, and which, though properly speaking only a current when uninfluenced by strong winds, is governed by the moon. On each shore there is a counter or returning set at uncertain distances from the beach, often forming eddies, to the central current, but in very fresh breezes the lateral tides are scarcely perceptible, while the main one

increases so as to send at intervals slight whirlpools to each shore. . . . In light breezes the current may be stronger than the ship's effort, and by turning her round often alarms a person unacquainted with the phenomenon. . . . Precautions should also be taken against the heavy gusts which at times vehemently rush down the Fiumare, and are dangerous to small vessels. I have twice with grief seen the neglect of them prove fatal. One of these circumstances occurred in the flotilla to which I was then attached; a fine barge, with eighteen of the best sailors we had, in attendance upon Colonel Caffiero, one of our officers, had been on constant duty in this strait for several years, when in the early part of 1815, having carried the Prince of Hesse Philipstadt on board a vessel bound for Palermo, the barge was assailed by so sudden a squall on her return that they could not lower the mainsail, and she instantly overset: *the bodies of the unfortunate men were picked up the next day between Scaletta and Taormina, about twenty miles to the southward.* It is remarkable that there has been found in Messina a Greek inscription to the memory of thirty-seven youths of Cyzicus who met a similar fate in the Faro."

The ancient fable about Charybdis is that she was a daughter of Poseidon and Gaia, of horribly rapacious habits and temperament. She stole oxen from Hercules, and for this theft was driven by thunderbolts from Jupiter into the sea, the whirlpool forming on the spot where she fell.

For the etymology of the word, supposing that its origin is Greek, the first portion *Χα* seems to be the root common to *χάος*, *χάζομαι*, *χάσμα*, &c., and the second part is given as being akin to *ροιβδέω*. According to such derivation its meaning would imply "sucking down into a gulf of confusion and darkness."

Bochart, the philologist, in his remarkable work 'Phaleg and Canaan,' thinks the name is more probably Phœnician, being compounded of 'chor' or 'char,' an abyss, and 'obdan' (like the Hebrew 'abaddon'), perdition.

Horace and Juvenal apply the expression to persons, and it seems to have been frequently used by the Romans to denote a harpy or female plunderer.

"Quanta laboras in Charybdi,
Digne puer meliore flamma." *Od. i. 27.*

The line often attributed to Horace, and which has become familiar as a proverb, that 'endeavouring to avoid Charybdis you fall against Scylla,' belongs to Gualther de Châtillon, a poet of Lille in the 12th century. It is found in the fifth book of his *Alexandris*, a small epic in praise of Alexander the Great. Another mediæval poet, less renowned than Gualther, has given its counter-part.

"Antra Charybdis adit qui vult evadere Scyllam."

NOTE 3.

*“ And it boils up fierce bubbling, with roar and with hiss,
As though water were wrestling with fire,—
And whirls to the high heavens the steam from the abyss,
And flood-spouts and flood-springs mount higher and higher,
And outpour on outpour seems endless to be,
As though the Sea—labouring—gave birth to a Sea.”*



NO poet, since the time of Homer, has painted the outburst of a whirlpool so forcibly as Schiller in the celebrated six lines of this stanza (see p. 10). Very shortly after their appearance, they drew forth expressions of admiration from the two literary giants whose praise would be best worth having amongst all of Schiller's cotemporaries.

Humboldt thus writes:—“ Whoever stands near the falls of the Rhine will be involuntarily reminded of that beautiful stanza of the ‘Diver,’ which in like manner attracts and rivets the eye to the whirling turmoil of waters which it depicts; and yet the poet's description was not based upon personal observation. But Schiller took in so comprehensively whatever came under his own eye, that he was able afterwards to realise vividly what he only gathered from reading in the books of others” (bloss fremde Lectüre).

And Göthe, in a letter from Switzerland of September, 1797, writes:—“ I had well-nigh forgotten to say that the verse, ‘Und es wallet und siedet und brauset und zischt,’ &c., has verified itself admirably (hat sich trefflich legitimirt) at the falls of the Rhine. It was very remarkable to see how it contains the chief characteristics (die hauptmomente *) of the wonderful apparition. I endeavoured to study this phenomenon on the spot with regard both to its general effect, and to all its details, and noted with great care the observations that one makes of it, as well as the ideas which it produces. You will see some day how those little lines of poetry wind themselves like a thread through this labyrinth.”

Schiller in reply modestly attributes his success to his having read Homer's description of Charybdis, and to having studied the action of some small whirlpools in a neighbouring millstream.

* ? The crisis-moments, or moments of greatest glory.

NOTE 4.

*“And hurl’dst thou in thither thine Empire’s Crown—
And said’st, ‘Who that Crown can bring
Shall be Monarch and wear it—by right his own,” &c.*



THIS passage is a masterly ‘aside’ of the poet, in which he expresses the feelings awakened either in his own mind or—as is more probable—in that of one of the bystanders. It is a consummate stroke of art, by which he prolongs through two stanzas the agony of suspense, and at the same time occupies our minds with grand thoughts, whilst the chief action of the poem is going on beneath the surface of the waters.

Interruptive reflections of this strong kind are not very often met with in the poetry of any age or nation, but they have been more frequently used since the days of Schiller than before his time. Whenever they occur they either reveal to us some inner working of the poet’s heart, or express some beautiful thought which arises out of surrounding circumstances; and their force naturally depends very much upon unexpected suddenness. Take for instance the interjectory stanza which Scott has grafted into his description of the death of Marmion, or any other similar outburst which we can call to mind; it will be seen that such passages owe almost as much to the effective way in which they are introduced to us as they do to the charm of their own beauty and music.

Of course it is to ordinary descriptive poetry that these remarks are intended to apply. In ancient Greek Drama the Chorus would have appropriated such parts as these to itself; and Shakespeare has given the grandest example of the power that belongs to reflective soliloquy.

In the ‘Diver’ as in the ‘Cranes’ we see the great natural tendency of Schiller towards dramatic form; and Hoffmeister well remarks that stanzas x. and xi. of this ballad may fairly be considered an intermezzo which separates whilst it connects the two acts of a short tragedy.

NOTE 5.

*“ Full many a ship—by the whirl-fiend embraced—
Hath been rock'd down that watery hell.”*



HERE can be no doubt but that Charybdis has proved the destruction of countless numbers of ships in all ages; and, judging from the accounts of Spallanzani and Captain Smyth, she will probably, in spite of all improvements in navigation, destroy countless numbers more, before *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* shall have become extinct volcanoes.

But her prestige as a whirlpool must always be small in comparison with that of the *Maelstrom* or *Moskoestrom*, of which Bishop *Pontopidan* has given a formidable account in his *Natural History of Norway*, a remarkable book published at *Copenhagen* in 1751. From the well-known translation of this work published in *London* in 1755, we subjoin an extract concerning this great whirlpool which lies off the north coast of *Norway* in 678 40' north latitude between *Lofoden* and *Vær*, close to the little island of *Moskoe* or *Mosken*.

“The roar of its impetuosity is scarce equalled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts, the noise being heard several leagues off, and the vortices or pits are of such an extent and depth that if a ship comes within its attraction it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks; and when the water relaxes, the fragments thereof are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flow in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour. . . When its fury is heightened by a storm it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it, boats and ships being carried away by not guarding against it before they come within its reach. It frequently happens that whales come too near its stream and are overpowered by its violence, and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves. A bear once attempted to swim from *Lofoden* to *Moskoe*, with the design of preying upon the sheep at pasture on the island, and afforded a rare spectacle to the people; the stream caught him and bore him down, whilst he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine-trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again, broken and torn to such a degree

as if bristles grew on them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the flux and reflux of the sea ; it being constantly high and low water every six hours. This Moskoestrom is rendered much more dangerous and dreadful when the sea is roused by the wind, both on account of its sound and the furious agitation of its mountainous waves. In the year 1645, early in the morning of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such noise and impetuosity, that on the island of Moskoe the very stones of the houses fell to the ground." So far Mr. Ramus, whose account (the Bishop goes on to say) "perfectly agrees with those given me by others, especially Mr. T. Althand of Ethne, who in his younger years was chaplain there, and consequently had many opportunities of observing variety of circumstances."—Nat. Hist. of Norway, by the Right Rev. Eric Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen, part 1, p. 79.

This account of the fury of the Maelstrom is probably not much exaggerated, but some of Mr. Ramus's remarkable statements must be received with caution. For example, in the eighth chapter of the second part of this same book we find that he had induced the Bishop to believe that some fishermen at Hordeland, near Bergen, once caught a merman, who was conducted to King Hiorlief, and sang in his Majesty's presence 'an unmusical song.' And, furthermore, that in the year 1577 a mermaid, who called herself Isbrandt, appeared to a peasant at Samsoe, and held a 'conversation' with him, during which she foretold the birth of King Christian IV., and bade the peasant "preach repentance to the courtiers, who were very much given to drunkenness."

In the same chapter the existence of sea-apes, kraken, and the great sea-serpent (*Serpens marinus magnus*, 600 feet long,—of which two portraits are given, and which the Bishop considers to be identical with the great Leviathan) is vouched for on the testimony of many eye-witnesses whose names are attached.

With the exception of Nicolas Pesce no authentic personage has, we believe, ever returned from the bottom of a whirlpool sufficiently composed to be able to give an accurate account of the things seen in it; but Bishop Pontoppidan (at page 81 of the 1st part) quotes an interesting escape experienced by an old Norwegian captain, Master Peter Oddevald, who informed "that expert navigator Bagge Vandel" that he once got his vessel into the Sambøe-munk (a whirlpool which takes its name from a rock near Suderoe, one of the Faroe Islands), and had the good fortune to be driven up again, when half-way down, by a turn of the tide. Peter Oddevald's narrative is short but effective, and he describes the peculiarity of his sensations whilst on his way—as he supposed—to the lower regions.

On the same page is also given the report of John Joensen, an inhabitant of the above-mentioned island of Suderoe, which is the southernmost of that group of twenty-five steep rocks which rise out of the Northern Ocean in 62° N. lat., half-way

between the Shetland Isles and Iceland, and which we know as the Faroe Islands, belonging to the kingdom of Denmark. Official duties once caused Bishop Pontoppidan to visit them, and when there he made "most diligent research" into the nature of the three whirlpools which make them famous, John Joensen being his principal informant. That gallant explorer, although he had not been actually down the Sambøe-munk like Peter Oddevald, had ventured in a row-boat on it, and was thoroughly acquainted with its internal formation, for the following description which the Bishop quotes on his authority is admirably minute:—

"The bottom near this vortex lies about eighty or ninety fathoms deep, over which the stream runs smooth and silent; after this is another circle, compassing the vortex, at the depth of from twenty-five to thirty or thirty-five fathoms, and here the sea fermented by the stream begins to be agitated, to attract, and whirl round; afterwards the bottom rises so as to be but eight, ten, or twelve fathoms deep, and rises in a winding circle, which increases gradually in four spiral windings; on this shallow ground are, likewise, protuberances like the crests on mountains, not more than eight fathoms deep from the surface of the water, whereas the space between is from ten to twelve fathoms deep; and hence it is that fishing boats which come into this unequal bottom are, by the stream circulating round these rocks, whirled about like a millstone with such rapidity, that young persons who are not used to the whirling, grow giddy and lay themselves down in the bottom of the boat; and besides this motion the boat likewise undergoes a rotation round the large spiral circle formed by the nature of the bottom."

John Joensen further told the Bishop that he once "saw a large ship driven into the stream by a storm. First it mounted with its prow foremost, then was revolved with its stern uppermost, the surf flying over the masthead; but in a very short time he saw no more of it."

Of another whirlpool which is described as lying "betwixt the northward islands" of the Faroe group, the Bishop speaks from personal observation, having twice made visits to it in a row-boat.

"On approaching it," he writes, "the boat was attracted towards it with such force that it was with great difficulty the people prevented the stream from getting the better of us, labouring at the oars on one side, and steering with them on the other. If a boat be caught by the stream, the current first whirls it twice round, and then twice round in a contrary direction, this alternative continuing four or five times; from which the nature of the bottom becomes easily determinable."

It is hardly necessary to observe that Edgar Poe's description of a descent into the Maelstrom by a man who went down and returned upon a water-cask—although most brilliant and interesting—is of no historic value, not being based, like these records of Bishop Pontoppidan, upon personal observation and experience.

NOTE 6.

*“And it boils up fierce bubbling, with roar—and with hiss,—
As though water were wrestling with fire.”—&c.*



OMER'S description of Charybdis, to which Schiller attributed some of the inspiration of his own magnificent description repeated in this stanza, is placed in the mouth of Ulysses, and runs thus :—

Ἡμεῖς δὲ στενωπὸν ἀνεπλόμεν γοῶντες
 Ἐνθεν μὲν γὰρ Σκύλλ', ἐτέρωθι δὲ διὰ Χάρυβδις
 Δεινὸν ἀνερροίβδησε θαλάσσης ἀλμυρὸν ὕδωρ.
 Ἦτοι ὅτ' ἐξεμέσειε, λέβης ὡς ἐν πυρὶ πολλῷ,
 Πᾶσ' ἀναμορμύρεσκε κυκλωμένη ἠλόσε δ' ἄχνη
 Ἀκροῖσι σκοπέλοισιν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔπιπτεν
 Ἄλλ' ὅτ' ἀναβροξείε θαλάσσης ἀλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
 Πᾶσ' ἔντοσθε φάνεσκε κυκλωμένη ἄμφι δὲ πέτρῃ
 Δεινὸν ἐβεβρύχει ὑπένερθε δὲ γαῖα φάνεσκε
 Ψάμμο κυανῇ.

Odyssey, xii. (M) 234.

[“And we sailed on through the straits, groaning with terror,—for here on the one side was Scylla, and on the other was dread Charybdis, monstrously gulping down the briny waters of the sea. Now she burst vomiting forth, and then all in whirling confusion boiled up with roar, like a cauldron on an immense fire; and foam borne high in air aloft fell upon the summits of both the rocks. Now she would gulp down again the briny waters of the sea, and then all was seen within her boiling up in whirling confusion; and round about the rock were heard terrible thunderings,—and Earth appeared below with her dark-grey¹ sand.”]

¹ Literally dark-blue.

In a previous passage of this twelfth book (see lines 101-7), Circe, after fully describing the monster Scylla, gives Ulysses instruction how to avoid Charybdis, lying under the opposite rock :—

Τὸν δ' ἕτερον σκόπελον χαμαλώτερον ὄψει, Ὀδυσσεῦ,
 Πλησίσι ἀλλήλων· καί μιν διοίστευσεαι.
 Τῷ δ' ἐν ἐρινεός ἐστι μέγας, φύλλοισι τεθνηώς·
 Τῷ δ' ὑπο δία Χάρυβδις ἀναρροιβθεῖ μέλαν ὕδωρ·
 Τρίς μὲν γάρ τ' ἀνήσιν ἐπ' ἤματι, τρίς δ' ἀναροιβθεῖ
 Δεινόν· μὴ σύ γε κείδι τύχοις, ὅτε ροιβθήσειεν·
 Οὐ γάρ μιν ρύσαστο σ' ὑπ' ἐκ κακοῦ οὐδ' Ἐνοσίχθων.

[“But the other rock you will see, Ulysses, much lower than the former, and the distance from one to the other is but as the range of an arrow. On this is a great wild fig-tree, thickly covered with leaves: and beneath it dreadful Charybdis drinks down the black waters. Thrice during the day does she vomit them forth, and thrice does she monstrosly gulp them down; and, oh! Fate grant thou be not near her when she is gulping them down, for nought can save thee, nor even Neptune himself could avert thy destruction.”]

In language very similar to that of Circe, Virgil makes a priest of Apollo warn Æneas of the dangers of these straits. Apparently the verses of the great Roman poet, not less than those of Schiller, were partly inspired by the Muse of Homer.

“Dextrum Scylla latus, lævum implacata Charybdis
 Obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos
 Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque sub auras
 Erigit alternos, et sidera verberat undâ.”

Æneid, III. 420.

[“On the right hand Scylla sits on guard; and on the left implacable Charybdis lies watching. Thrice with her undermost eddies she sucks down huge billows headlong into her abyss, and again as many times in turn spouts them forth into the air, and lashes the stars with her waters.”]

*

Observe how the opening line of stanza xiii., in the original, echoes nearly all the words of the line that immediately precedes it—and how skilfully this repetition helps to introduce the reappearance of the young diver.

Considering the tendency which we occasionally observe in Schiller towards the feeling of the ancient poets, it would be interesting to see with how much success certain of his ballads might be converted by some skilful master of poetic art into Greek and Latin verse.

The chief difficulty attending such an experiment, supposing that the division into stanzas is to be preserved, would be the choice of an appropriate metre. Few combinations founded on the Iambic would, we believe, be found to give sufficient flow, but some of the Anapæstic choruses in Æschylus and Aristophanes might furnish a method by which to work; or, failing these, the irregular symmetry of the Odes of Pindar might be taken as a precedent for realizing the effect we want. In Latin also, possibly, new arrangements of metre could be adapted without giving offence to Roman poets or to the ears of a scholar. It would no doubt severely tax the powers of the brightest and the foremost at Eton, Westminster, or Rugby, to reproduce certain passages of 'Der Taucher;' but the subject of Schiller's poem is not beyond the range of expression either in Greek or Latin, and we believe that there are some who would accomplish the feat of moulding it into these languages with full success.

The difficulty of finding a suitably corresponding measure will meet every one when translating verses of strong character, not only into the dead languages but also into some of the living. How far, for instance, would any one be able to carry the peculiar measure of the 'Diver' into French, a language whose scansion and idioms would prove in some points harder than Greek to reconcile with the German? Surely it would baffle the powers even of a Victor Hugo to overcome the impracticability of such an ungracious task. We naturally desire to carry into the translated work, so far as we can, the ring and music of the original, but continually find that this cannot be done. Similarity to the tone of a foreign measure can only be satisfactorily obtained by those who are thoroughly masters of the language into which they are translating, and who know precisely how much they may dare to strain the powers of that language, and how far they may safely carry it for a while in a new direction. Knowing this, we look forward with unusual interest to a metrical translation of the 'Diver' kindly promised by the illustrious French poet, M. François Coppet; and those who know what his genius has already accomplished will feel confident that his forthcoming version of 'Le Plongeur' will possess original vigour and freshness of its own.

Like French, Italian in her metres does not run over-willingly side by side with 'Tedesco,' but the readiness with which she lends herself to the requirements of verse makes her forget rhythmical differences when called upon to follow the words of a great German poet. Signor Andrea Maffei reproduced at Florence, in 1869, the

whole series of Schiller's Ballads, and the first verse of his 'Nuotatore' will show the measure which he has used throughout the greater part of them.

"Vive tra voi l'audace,
Sia cavaliere, o sia scudier, che petto
Abbia di cimentarsi in questo gorgo?
Il mio calice d'oro entro vi getto;
Ecco lo ingoja il vortice rapace.
A chi me lo riporti in don lo porgo."

Less plastic than Italian, but far more competent to march in time with the grand steps of the German, Spanish ought to realize admirably the music of Schiller. She has ever been partial to forcibly descriptive ballads, and her powers of expression in various metres were not half exhausted by those poets who adorned the golden days of her literature. Few languages could interpret Schiller's thoughts so majestically or so easily as Castilian.

In every language close translation is, no doubt, very desirable. Should line-for-line and almost word-for-word rendering be considered a proof of the highest excellence, possibly the work of Mr. A. Bogaers of Amsterdam should carry off the palm. It was published about ten years ago, and has been already much appreciated by his countrymen. The subjoined twelfth stanza of 'De Duiker' will serve as a high specimen of what may be supposed to be the closest translation of Schiller that has yet been made in a cognate tongue.

"En 't bobbelt, en kookt, en het bruist, en het sist,
Of water zich mengde met vier,
En 't spuit tot de wolken en damp't als een mist,
En golf volgt op golf met een eindloos getier;
Als losbarstend onweêr, zoo loeien en klatren,
Bij 't worstlen uit d' afgrond, de schuimende waatren."

Such refinement of accuracy in Mr. Bogaers' verse is well worthy of a nation which almost rivals the Chinese in the quality of exactness. It recalls the verbal closeness found in that old Dutch translation of Horace where the first line of the ode "O nata mecum consule Manlio," is neatly rendered,—

"Als Mynheer Manlius burgermeester was."

NOTE 7.

Long live the King!—&c.

THANASIUS KIRCHER has placed in the mouth of 'Nicolaus' Pesce a speech of so lofty a nature that it seems quite a lessening of its dignity to translate it into ordinary English.

It begins thus:—"Clementissime Rex, quæ jussisti executus sum;"—"but—had I known beforehand what I know now—I should never have hearkened to thy command, even hadst thou promised me the half of thy kingdom. I held it to be rashness not to follow the command of my Sovereign, and in endeavouring to avoid this fault, committed it to a far greater degree." The King asking—in what the rashness he alluded to consisted? he replied:—"Scias Rex;" "Know, O King, that there are four things which make this place impenetrable and dreadful, not only for divers like myself, but even for the fishes. First, there is the violence of a stream which rushes welling out of the lowest depths so fiercely that the strongest man living would hardly be able to stand against it. I did not attempt to stem it, but got to the depths by other circuitous ways ('per alia diverticula'). Secondly, there is a multitude of sharp rocks that obstruct the passage, and it was with considerable danger both to my life and to my skin that I reached the foot of them. Thirdly, there are Euripi, *i. e.* whirling submarine springs, which leap with great force out of the lower bowels of the rocks, and cause such a terrible commotion that it is enough to kill a man with fright even to look at them. Fourthly, there are swarms of enormous polypi, that adhere to the sides of the rocks with long limbs stretched out far and wide, and which filled me with consummate horror. I saw one larger than a man, whose feelers were at least ten feet long. Had he seized me with these, his embrace alone would have squeezed the life out of me." [In justice to the choiceness of Nicolaus' language, we subjoin part of the last sentence which will give an idea of the Ciceronian beauty of the whole speech in the original:—"quibus si me strinxisset, inevitabili mortis periculo ad se attractum solo amplexu exanimasset."] "And in the lowest holes and corners of the rocks were congregated multitudes of savage fish-monsters, of immense size, called fish-dogs. In shape they

resemble porpoises, and their jaws are furnished with a triple row of teeth, which are sharper than knife-blades and needles, and with which they can cut through any substance whatsoever." Being asked how he found the cup so quickly, he replied: That, owing to the swaying of currents hither and thither, the cup had not gone down perpendicularly, but had been driven sideways into the crevice of a rock, where he found it. Had it fallen to the bottom, so great was the force of the waters, and the raging of the whirlpool, he should have had no hope of ever finding it; for no man could live in the fury of the lowest depths of the pool. Moreover—that the sea was so deep in that spot, that the eyes became "obscured in Cimmerian darkness."

[For continuation see Note 12.]

In the Prefatory Note omission was made of an interesting fact which Father Kircher records concerning Pesce, viz., that, from the habit of being always in the water, he gradually became a sort of amphibious animal, and "cartilaginous substance like that on the foot of a goose" grew between his fingers.

Such an additional grace as this to the extremities of his limbs must have made the fortunate possessor of it almost unique as a specimen of humanity, and it seems strange, considering how* many chroniclers are said to have told his story, that the memory of this 'verwunderungswürdige' Taucher has so faded amongst men. We know little more of him than that he had the misfortune to displease his mother during his infancy,—that she expressed the unpleasant wish that he might pass all his life in the water,—and that her wish was gratified. Even the *Acta Regia*, like the chronicles, have disappeared; and, albeit that his exploits form such an eventful episode in the history of his country, Pesce, like his illustrious patron King Frederic of Sicily, has never yet been immortalized in the music of an opera.

But forgotten as he has been by the world in general, there is one renowned personage by whom his talents were appreciated, and who makes honourable mention of his name. Don Quixote, when enumerating the long list of sciences, arts, and accomplishments which a knight errant ought to acquire in order to carry out his great undertaking, says that he must learn to swim as well as Nicolas the Fish ("digo que ha de saber nadar como dizen que nadava el pexe Nicolas o Nicolao," 2nd part, chap. xviii. 4to., Madrid, 1615).

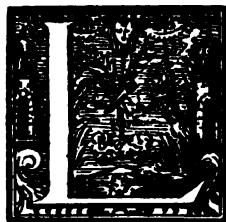
Cervantes probably obtained his information respecting Nicolas Pesce whilst serving in the Spanish army at Naples during 1574-75, from oral traditions as well as from the scanty account of Alexander ab Alexandro.

* "Plures primi nominis authores de illo scribunt."

(sic) FAZELLI, Dec. I, lib. ii. cap. 11.

NOTE 8.

*For under me, far down, whole mountains deep,
All was cavern,—purple—and drear.*



LITERAL translation of 'berge-tief,' 'mountain-deep,' does not sound well in English, although probably every translator will preserve the phrase out of respect to Schiller. As there are several compound expressions in this ballad which seem peculiar, and apparently are not to be found in dictionaries published before 1797, it would be well if some future annotator who has closely studied the history of the German language could shew how many of these out-of-the-way words (if any) sprang directly from the Poet's own invention.

If we refer to line 2 of this stanza in the original, we shall see that in place of Kircher's 'Cimmerian darkness' Schiller has 'purpurne finsterniss'; and this, according to Vieher, drew from his friend Körner the following criticism:—

"I have puzzled over the adjective 'purple' as applied to the darkness. I know the ancients made use of a similar expression [Homer for example, Il. 1, 482, *κύμα πορφύρεον*, of the sea wave, and in Il. 16, 391, of the sea itself, *ἄλς πορφύρεη*]; but here, as it seems to me, it serves no purpose for illustration, and awakens stirring new ideas. Minna, however, approves of the darkness being purple. She has often during attacks of vertigo had the impression that dark objects appear violet. Of vertigo I have had no experience. She is delighted, too, with the beauty of the expression, which I also confess to acknowledging, but would not pass it if nothing justified the use of this epithet."

Schiller replied:—

"You need have no anxiety about the purple darkness. Although I thank Minna all the same for sending her vertigo experience to my assistance, I and my Diver can get clear without it. The epithet is by no means out of place. The Diver sees correctly under his glass-bell the lights green and the shadows purple.

For the same reason, when he comes back out of the depths I let the light seem rosy to him—for this appearance would follow the previous green glimmer.”

This explanation sounds natural enough, and clearly shews that by ‘purperne’ Schiller meant—not what is commonly called purple in English, *i.e.*, blue-red (which is complemental to yellow, not to green), but rather a ‘blood-red,’ probably less dark than the Homeric ‘wine-colour.’ This explanation sounds also as if drawn from some sure authority. Was Schiller quoting from memory from his quasi-omniscient friend Göthe’s work on ‘Colours?’ for in the 57th paragraph of the ‘Farbenlehre,’ under the head of ‘Coloured Objects,’ referring to the way in which opposite colours are produced or produce each other successively upon the retina of the eye, Göthe says that “in an agitated sea the light side of the waves appears green in its own colour, and the shadowed side in its complemental purple” (*i.e.*, red); but—afterwards, in paragraph 78, under ‘Coloured Shadows,’ we read: “When divers are under water, and the sunlight shines into the diving bell, everything is seen in a *purple (red) light, while the shadows appear green.*” And again, under ‘Dioptrical Colours of the first class’ at paragraph 164: “The bottom of the sea appears to divers *to be of a purple (red) colour during bright sunshine,* as in this case the water, owing to its depth, acts as a semi-transparent medium. Under these circumstances they find the *shadows green,* which is the complemental colour.”

No question need here arise, out of these last two extracts from Göthe, respecting the colour used by Schiller for his shadows, as we need not suppose that the sun was shining when the young diver made his descent into Charybdis;—but another question is raised by them which it would be satisfactory to hear answered, *viz.*;—Is the red glare—spoken of as pervading the depths under bright sunshine—visible at all hours of the day? or is not this phenomenon limited to a short period before and after noon? We ask this question with the greater interest since the testimony of a professional diver at Gosport, obtained through the kindness of Professor Haughton of Dublin University, pronounces yellow to be the colour generally seen in depths below the surface of the sea,—Dr. Haughton adding that, having been himself in former years a good swimmer and diver, his own experience agrees with the professional diver’s statement.

That yellow would deepen into red through orange we can well understand; and Göthe’s red would naturally vary according to circumstances from yellow-red to deep ruby; but—is not the gradation of tone regulated by the position of the sun and the angle of the rays of light? And does not the following extract from a chapter headed ‘A Walk on the Bottom of the Sea’ from a recently published work of fiction help to explain the presence of this strange red glow?—

“The light, which lit the soil thirty feet below the surface of the ocean, astonished me by its power. The solar rays shone through the watery mass easily, and dissipated all colour, and I clearly distinguished objects at a distance of a hundred

and fifty yards. Beyond that the tints darkened into fine gradations of ultramarine, and faded into vague obscurity. . . . Truly this water which surrounded me was but another air, denser than the terrestrial atmosphere, but almost as transparent. Shall I be believed when I say that, at the depth of thirty feet, I could see as if I was in broad daylight? . . .

“It was then ten in the morning ; the rays of the sun struck the surface of the waves at rather an oblique angle, and at the touch of their light, decomposed by refraction as through a prism, flowers, rocks, plants, shells, and polypi were shaded at the edges by the seven solar colours. It was marvellous, a feast for the eyes, this complication of coloured tints, a perfect kaleidoscope of green, yellow, orange, violet, indigo, and blue ; in one word, the whole palette of an enthusiastic colourist ! . . .

“We had quitted the Nautilus about an hour and a half. It was near noon ; I knew by the perpendicularity of the sun’s rays, which were no longer refracted. The magical colours disappeared by degrees, and the shades of emerald and sapphire were effaced. We were at a depth of a hundred and five yards, undergoing a pressure of six atmospheres.

“At this depth I could still see the rays of the sun, though feebly ; to their intense brilliancy had succeeded a reddish twilight, the lowest state between day and night ; but we could still see well enough.” (‘Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea,’ chap. 8.)

It may well be supposed that such chameleonlike changes of colour exist only in the dreams of a poet like Mons. Jules Verne ; but this glowing account of the effect of the refracted sun-rays seen from below, under water, appears to be in strict conformity with what, according to the highest authority in Europe, takes place under similar circumstances and conditions of light. In Professor Tyndall’s ‘Discourse on the Scientific Use of the Imagination’ (p. 13) we read that “When waves of light enter from air into a more highly refracting substance, such as glass or water, all the waves are retarded, but the smallest most.” [We learn from the Professor in a previous passage that red is produced by the largest waves of light, violet by the smallest, and green by those of intermediate length and amplitude.] “This furnishes a means of separating the different classes of waves from each other ; in other words, of analyzing the light. Sent through a refracting prism, the waves of the sun are turned aside in different degrees from their direct course, the red least, the violet most. They are virtually pulled asunder, and they paint upon a white screen placed to receive them the ‘solar spectrum.’”

Such tempting descriptions make us long to know more of the wondrous transformation-scenes that must be produced under the sea in tropical latitudes between sunrise and sunset. Let us hope that Submarine Colours may again some day form part of one of our great Professor’s entrancing Lectures,—and that we may glean more information concerning the laws that produce and govern such interesting phenomena.

Line 5—"Fire Lizards, Dragons," &c.

Later on in this stanza we find mention made of the Salamander, about which so many marvellous stories have been written that its name may be fitly coupled with Dragons in this place. In the present day the family to which it belongs, that of 'crawling Batrachians,' or *Amphibia gradientia*, can only boast three or four varieties. The best known is the little 'Salamandra maculosa,' found in all countries of Europe, and regarded by the peasantry almost everywhere with superstitious horror. Its lizard-like body is covered with warty glands, which, like those of its distant relative the toad, secrete a milky fluid of highly acrid nature. This fluid, which it has the power of throwing out at will, is to a certain degree poisonous, *i.e.* if introduced into the mouth of the common lizard it will cause death immediately, but this seems to be the extent of the foundation for all those stories which, on the authority of Pliny, Ælian, and others, were long widely circulated respecting the fatal qualities attached to this harmless little reptile.

Perhaps the following extract from Pliny will best serve to show how much formerly was said against it:—

"Of all venomous beasts, there are not any so hurtfull and dangerous as are the Salamanders. As for other serpents they can hurt but one man at once, neither kill they many together: to say nothing, how when they have stung or bitten a man, they die for very grieffe and sorrow that they have done such a mischief, as if they had some pricke and remorse of conscience afterwards, and never enter they againe into earth, as unworthy to be receiued there: but the Salamander is able to destroy whole nations (pulos) at one time, if they take not heed and prouide to preuent them: For if he get once to a tree, and either claspe about it or creepe upon it, all the fruit that it bears is infected with his venome; and sure they are to die, whosoever eat of that fruit, and that by the meanes of an extreame cold qualitie that his poyson hath, which doth mortifie no lesse than if they had taken the Libard-baine called Aconitum. Moreouer, say that shee doe but touch any peece of wood, billet, or hedge stake, wherwith either a loafe is baked, or a shiue of bread tosted, as many as eat therof, shall catch their bane by it: or if one of them chance to fall into a well or pit of water, looke whosoever drinke therof, shall be sure to die upon it: and that which is more, if there happen neuer so little of the spittle or moisture which shee yeeldeth, to light upon any part of the body, though it touched no more but the sole of the foot, it is enough to cause all the haire of the body to fall off. And yet as great and dangerous as the poyson of these beasts is, there be some creatures, and namely swine, that eat them safely; so effectual is their contrarietie and repugnancie in Nature, that it conquereth and subdueth the said poyson: And to mortifie this venome, it soundeth to good reason, that those beasts should haue power, which feed upon them and find no harme thereby. But writers there be who say, that the

flies called Cantharides, taken in drink, or a Lizard eaten with the meat, are good for that purpose; besides other things which are aduerse and contrary thereto, wherof I haue already spoken & will speak more in time and place conuenient.”—*Nat. Hist.*, lib. xxix. cap. 23, Translation of Dr. Philemon Holland, 1635.

Reading this account we cannot wonder that the ancient Romans regarded a salamander with special dread; and that two sayings respecting its venomous qualities should have passed into proverbs:—“He who is bitten by a salamander needs as many physicians as the animal has spots,” and again, “If a salamander bites you put on your shroud.”

But the most absurd notion entertained in former times respecting the salamander was that its skin,—like asbestos, which was commonly called salamander’s wool,—resisted the action of fire, and that the animal not only could live unharmed in the hottest flames, but took special delight in extinguishing them. Even the great name of Aristotle could be quoted as favouring this idea, for in his History of Animals, book v. cap. xvii., in support of a previous statement that in the copper-furnaces at Cyprus little winged beasts not larger than flies were generated, which could walk and leap in the fire, but which died if they were taken out, he writes:—“And that the bodies of some animals are not consumed by fire the salamander gives clear evidence; for this, as they say, when it walks through the fire extinguishes it.” “Οτι δ’ ἐνδέχεται μὴ καίεσθαι συστάσεις τινὰς ζώων, ἡ σαλαμάνδρα ποιεῖ φανερόν αὐτῆ, γὰρ, ὡς φασί, διὰ τοῦ πυρὸς βαδίζουσα κατασβέννυσι το πῦρ.” Pliny unfortunately affirms the same thing, adding (chap. x. 86, § 67), that the salamander has a mysterious origin and is non-productive, being, like oysters, of neither sex. It will hardly be necessary to observe that this second statement is quite as erroneous as the former, as may be seen by reference to Rusconi’s ‘Amours des Salamandres Aquatiques,’ Milan, 1821—a work that enters thoroughly into the peculiar manners and customs of these little animals.

Considering Pliny’s well-known fondness for the marvellous we need not be surprised to find that his accounts occasionally go beyond the bounds of actual experience, but it is remarkable that Lord Bacon (as we erroneously call him, for Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, 1618, and Viscount St. Albans, 1621, never bore his surname as a title) should, jointly with Aristotle, have handed down to posterity this error about the incombustibility of the salamander. For in ‘*Sylva Sylvarum*,’ century ix., 860, we find the following paragraph:—

“*Experiment solitary touching the Salamander.*—There is an ancient received tradition of the salamander that it liveth in the fire, and hath force also to extinguish the fire. It must have two things, if it be true, to this operation; the one a very close skin, whereby flame, which in the midst is not so hot, cannot enter; for we see that if the palm of the hand be anointed thick with white of egg, and then aqua vitæ be poured upon it and enflamed, yet one may endure the flames a pretty while. The other is some extreme cold and quenching virtue in the body

of that creature, which choketh the fire. We see that milk quencheth wild-fire better than water because it entereth better."

As a single experiment would have proved at once the truth or fallacy of the received tradition, may we not indulge in the pleasure of thinking that it was purely kindness of heart in these two great men,—the greatest expounders of universal science the world has ever known,—which prevented them from putting this matter to the touchstone of trial? Both Galen and Matthiolus testify that fire will very soon reduce a salamander to ashes; and to judge from its habits one would be inclined to think that the animal is not very partial to heat, as it haunts cool, moist places near old walls and fallen timber, where it is generally found.

During the middle ages a salamander's heart worn as a charm was supposed to act as a preservative against what Philemon Holland calls "skare-fires"; it was also used medicinally as a specific for leprosy. Amongst the Alchemists there was a prevalent belief that a live salamander assisted the transmutation of quicksilver into gold; consequently the unfortunate little creature was often submitted to horribly cruel experiments in the melting pot.

It would be well for the good name of humanity if cruel experiments made upon these beautiful little creatures (and some of them with jet black skins spotted with oblong patches of brilliant orange are very beautiful indeed) had ceased with the age of alchemy; but owing to their marvellous tenacity of life and powers of 'reproduction' they have been frequently subjected in modern times to operations which reflect great dishonour upon those who performed them. Dr. A. Hunter, quoting Spallanzani, bears witness that the limbs and tail of one specimen were reproduced six times during the months of June, July, and August, and Dumeril practised still more abominable mutilation upon another said to be still preserved in one of the museums of Paris. Touching experiments such as these, it may afford some slight consolation to know that in Batrachians, with their cold juices and inferior organization, the sense of pain is far less than in young birds and creatures that possess warm blood and nerves more closely approaching those of our own physical system; the excuse also may be urged, that the knowledge of every fact in Nature is of some value to mankind; but under any circumstances it is saddening and nauseating to think that Science finds it necessary to resort to such unjustifiable means in order to increase her stock of knowledge. We cannot but be thankful that the names of these torturing experimenters are rarely English.

The 'Sieboldia maxima' of Japan, specimens of which are to be seen in the collection of the Zoological Gardens of London, is the largest species of salamander now known to exist, but in earlier days of the earth, *i.e.*, during the Coal and Oolite periods, there were *amphibia gradientia* of greater size—the Labyrinthodon and others, which have been named Salamandroides, and which, as Professor Owen has shown, differed widely in dental structure from the Saurians.

The celebrated fossil, *Homo diluvii testis* of Scheuchzer (see Philosophical Trans-

actions of the Royal Society, 1726), was proved by Baron Cuvier in 1811 to be only the skeleton of an enormous salamander. It now graces one of the shelves in the Geological Gallery of the British Museum, together with some other interesting specimens, once supposed to be anthropolites, but now known to be the fossil relics of gigantic newts.

With regard to Dragons, it would be hard to say what dreadful reptile first gave to mankind the idea either of the Wivern (the fiery flying serpent) with two claws, or of the great Dragon with four. China, with her pre-historic dates, can always lay the best claim to being the birthplace of this monster, and the fossil remains of the long-necked Plesiosaurus and the flying Pterodactyles realize the idea fully enough to shew that it is not altogether imaginary, like the eagle-lion or griffin of Assyria; but, how are we to account for the patriarchs of Sinim knowing aught about these forms of ante-primæval times? Were there giants like Dr. Buckland and Professor Owen in those days, who made the earliest generations of men acquainted with the Fauna of the Secondary Period? or, could any of these huge creeping things which the waters brought forth have remained in their element, through surrounding volcanic changes and the uplifting of continents, until the period of the creation of man?

We are well aware that no man living can deny the possibility of this last conjecture. At the same time should the incalculable multitude of ages that apparently elapsed between the fifth and sixth days of Creation, *i.e.* between the æra of these huge reptiles and the Neopliocene Period, raise an insuperable barrier against our reasonable entertainment of it, we must then fall back upon the little *Draco volans* of India as the nearest type in the present world of Nature to what man's fancy has exaggerated into a monster that could tear an elephant to pieces. No other created being bears such close resemblance to the form we want. None of the great serpents of History, according to received traditions,—neither the pythons of Libya,—nor the huge water serpent killed by the army of Regulus on the banks of the lake Bagrada, B. C. 256,—nor the man-eater which the good knight Sir Gozon slew at Rhodes in the 14th century,—appear to have differed in any respect, except in size, from well-known types; and although the Greek word δράκων like the Latin *draco* will always bear to be translated 'great serpent,' no great serpent ever shewed either in head or in tail or in body the peculiar features attributed to the strong-clawed guardian of the Celestial Empire. The same may be said of the alligator and the iguana. Neither of them furnishes more than a few points of distant resemblance to this King of Monsters; but a visit to the Iguanodons and Plesiosauri in the fossil gallery of the British Museum, or to the Hylæosaurus in the lower gardens of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, will, we think, satisfy the most incredulous sceptic—that Dragons of Reality once trod this planet, which, but for the less perfect structure of the wings in those specimens which possessed them, were not inferior in powers of any kind to their present representative—the ideal creature of Eastern imagination.

NOTE 9.

*Sting-skate—and hammer,—and a nameless number
Of fishlike reptiles that swim and crawl.*



ESCE-COLA dwells upon the swarms of fish-monsters which he saw massed together under the rocks in Charybdis, and mentions two kinds as being most dangerous, viz., the polypi and the pesce-cani. Knowing this we should naturally suppose, had we not sure testimony to the contrary, that Schiller had read Cola's speech to the King given by Athanasius Kircher, for both polypi and pesce-cani are alluded to in this poem, the former, as we shall see presently, in stanza xxii., line 2, and the latter in this stanza, where the fish-dogs, with bodies like porpoises and triple rows of teeth, are successfully promoted into sea-hyenas.

Should any reader find it hard to understand how Schiller can have followed Kircher without having read his narrative, we would refer him to what has been said in the Prefatory Note about this matter, as,—if we allow the supposition there put forward to be sufficiently probable,—all difficulty and mystery disappear. Referring to the extracts of letters on page 8, we see that Göthe lent Schiller during the first half of June, 1797, *i. e.* whilst the 'Diver' was being written and whilst he himself was in Jena, two 'fischbücher;' and we have good reason, as we shall shew presently, for thinking that one of these two works was the large Fischbuch of Gesner, in which woodcuts of Rays, Sharks and Polypi have very prominent place, and where also will be found a portrait and description of the 'Klippfisch,' a name which has always been declared inexplicable by those who have commented upon this passage. It would be highly interesting to discover what these two fischbücher were which Göthe took with him to Jena, for it is evident that from their contents,—the friend who lent them being at hand,—Schiller made the selections which are so well chosen to suit his purpose. The several kinds of fish which he mentions are as follows :—

[st The 'stately Ray,'—by which we can hardly suppose that the poet meant the common harmless skate (*Raja batis*), but more probably the Sting-Ray or Poison-Skate (*Raja pastinaca*, L.), a formidable and classical fish mentioned in all ichthyologies from the time of Aristotle. Although the specimens which are captured off the English coast are small, seldom exceeding two or three feet in

length, yet in the Mediterranean and in tropical seas this Ray grows to an immense size; we learn from the Prince de Canino's 'Fauna Italica' that it often weighs 500 and sometimes 1000 pounds. Its long thin tail is armed with a large thorn, barbed along its edges with sharp teeth; and a wound inflicted by one of these jagged bayonets becomes violently inflamed and was supposed by the ancients to be incurable. The first person who is said to have used the skate-thorn as a war-spear was Telegonus, son of Circe by Ulysses. According to the legend given by Hyginus, his mother sent him to Ithaca as soon as he reached maturity, in order that he might make the acquaintance of his father; but, being shipwrecked on that island, he became in want of provisions and plundered some of the inhabitants. Ulysses coming down to the coast to defend his subjects from the rude stranger, Telegonus, not knowing his father by sight, killed him with this deadly weapon.

The savages of some of the Pacific Islands still use this thorn as a spear-head; and the Calabrian 'pescarini' firmly believe in the poisonous qualities attributed to it by ancient writers. For accurate description and portraiture of the Pastinaca see Prince Charles L. Bonaparte's 'Fauna Italica,' vol. iii., under Trygon,—and Gesner's 'Fischbuch.'

There is also in the Mediterranean, besides the Pastinaca, a very stately Ray of colossal dimensions which is supposed to be a special enemy to divers, and few events are regarded with more superstitious awe by Neapolitan fishers than the capture of a Vacca or Sea-Cow. It is generally called the Horned Ray by English naturalists, but the term Ox-Ray has also been occasionally applied to it, and this is the name by which it was known to the ancients. Oppian in a passage of many lines describes how the *βούς*, twice six cubits broad, keeps on the watch for pearl-divers, shuts out the light by overshadowing them with its vast body, and then crushes and destroys them. In tropical seas this monstrous vampire grows to fabulous size and weight, and Lacépède gives four distinct varieties of it. One of these, which he names Raja Banksiana in honour of Sir Joseph Banks who first described it, came from 'the East Indies,' where the natives in Sir Joseph's time called it 'sea devil' from its diabolical appearance and horns; and another specimen which was captured near the island of Barbadoes was so weighty that seven pairs of oxen were required to drag it ashore ('Histoire des Poissons,' vol. ii. p. 116). Of the other varieties mentioned by Lacépède the best known is the Raja Manatia or 'Manta,' which is the chief terror of all fishermen and divers on the western coast of South America. In 'Land and Water' for November, 1871, there are three interesting communications respecting the capture of some of these gigantic Rays, and of one that measured 28 ft. in width by 21 ft. in length, with a mouth that was "wide enough to swallow a man." At the end of the last letter on the subject, the writer, who is the well-known ichthyologist Mr. Henry Lee, speaking of the way in which the dreaded 'Manta' overpowers and destroys human beings, advises any one wishing to understand the creature's method of operation to visit a large aquarium,

like that at the Crystal Palace, or Brighton, or Westminster, and watch one of the Rays when he is 'on the feed.' "Only let him catch sight of some suitable victim resting on the bottom, and he will rise from his lair in the sand or pebbles, poise himself above his intended prey, and then come down on it, hustling it beneath him and enclosing it by the aid of his wide-spread fins. One sight of the Ray's mode of taking food will immediately explain, even to an unscientific observer, the reason why the mouth in this class of fishes is placed on the under surface of the body."

2ndly. The 'Klippenfisch,' a word which has caused considerable discussion, as this form of it is not found in any German vocabulary before the publication of the 'Diver.' 'Klippfisch' is, we are told, a term applied by sailors to dried kabeljau or cod; and dictionaries translate it 'salt fish' or 'stockfish' or 'base,' but as none of these interpretations could possibly be suitable here, Schiller's commentators have almost universally agreed that the Poet meant no fish in particular, but merely used this word for the sake of euphony on account of its being rough and full of consonants. We are assured by one of the chief German ichthyologists of the present day that the term 'klippfisch' is altogether unknown to scientific naturalists, and that it would not awaken the idea of a distinct species of live fish in the ears of the people of Germany any more than 'shore-fish' would in those of the people of England.

Under these circumstances it may seem bold for a foreigner to express a fresh opinion respecting this acknowledged difficulty; but reference to a quaint old book, unknown to most persons, and condemned as worthless by many, will, we believe, shew how the Poet was led to adopt this curious expression, and what the species of fish was to which he intended it to apply.

At page 62 of Gesner's 'Fischbuch,' Frankfort, 1598, folio, we read as follows:—

"Of the Klippfisch.

"Anarrhicas scansor,—a klippfisch.

"This is a great fish of the German Ocean, which has been copied (abconterfetet) from a dried specimen. The inhabitants of the bordering countries call it Klippfisch, either because it mounts upon the rocks, as they say, or because it keeps itself among the rocks. Above the nostrils it has two small curls, and its jaws are full of many sharp strong teeth, which are also on its tongue. It is strong, very swift in motion, and very voracious, for which reason it follows shipwrecks. It is an extraordinary fish, of which those who live on the shores and in places near the German Ocean say there is much that should be written."

Naturalists will see at a glance that what is here described is the 'sea-wolf,' known to the modern Germans as to us by that name. It is really a fish of small dimensions, but the accompanying woodcut of a fierce creature with open jaws and

enormous teeth might easily lead anyone reading the description in the text and not deeply versed in fish-lore to suppose that it was a very large one. On the same page 62, and next to the klippfisch, we find a description and woodcut of the *Pastinaca marina*—called Stachel-roch, Dorn-roch, Gift-roch, &c., and this circumstance slightly strengthens the internal evidence—which the exceptional account of the ‘klippfisch’ so strongly affords—that Schiller saw this page. Considering that there must still be living many persons who remember Göthe, and that it would be no very difficult task to find out what Fischbücher were in his library, it would be worth while to inquire into the matter, and learn if external as well as internal evidence can help us to the conviction that Schiller’s ‘Klippenfisch’ is the ‘anarrhicas scansor,’ whose portrait is found graven in Gesner.

3^{rdly}. The ‘Hammer,’—in English the ‘balance-fish,’ or ‘hammer-headed shark’ (*Squalus zyæna* L.) the ‘*zyæna malleus*’ of Cuvier, the ‘*sfirna martello*’ of the Italians,—so called from the peculiarly formed head, its eyes being placed at the projecting extremities of what has been fancifully thought to resemble an enormous hammer. It is a very fierce and hideous creature, and, although small specimens only visit the shores of England, yet in the Mediterranean, where it is much dreaded, it often grows to 12 feet in length and 500 pounds in weight. Like most of the shark tribe, the Hammer produces its young alive. For portraiture see Gesner, Wood, and ‘Fauna Italica.’

4^{thly}. The ‘Hai,’ or Shark, a term applicable to all varieties of Squali from the Dog-fish upwards, but evidently pointing here to the fiercest of all the Mediterranean tyrants (*Squalus Carcharias* L., *Lamia* or *Carcharodon Rondeletii*), which by Italian fishermen is commonly called Pesce-Cane. One of the peculiarities of this voracious monster is its utter indifference and apparent insensibility to pain, whilst its muscles after death shew an irritability which is only found in certain reptiles. Wood, in the third volume of his ‘Illustrated Natural History,’ thus describes what every old sailor has often witnessed, but which will appear strange perhaps to younger friends who read these pages:—“Long after the body has been cut to pieces and parts of it cooked and eaten, the flesh will quiver if pricked with a knife point, the separated heart will beat steadily whilst lying on the bare boards, and the jaws of the severed head will snap with frightful vehemence if any object be put between the teeth.” And, speaking of its voracity, he says, “A Shark when following a vessel will eat anything that falls overboard. The contents of a lady’s workbox, a cow’s hide entire, knives, hats, boots, and all kinds of miscellanea have been found in its interior.”

Amongst the various kinds of Squalidæ that visit the English shores there is:—

1st, the Blue Shark (*Squalus glaucus* L.), which is not very uncommon off certain parts of our coasts during the month of June. It produces its young

alive,—and it is this shark which is celebrated in a poem by Oppian, and in prose by Ælian and others, as having such an affection for its offspring as to allow them to swim down its throat in time of danger and take shelter in its maw. Reply has been made to this, that whilst it is true that living young have been often found in the stomach of this fish, yet the proverbial voracity of the mother inclines us to believe that the incarceration of her young is compulsory rather than a means of temporary protection. Some authorities, however, of importance (see Couch's 'British Fishes,' vol. i. pp. 32 and 39), think that the old idea of shelter may yet be correct. At page 30 of the same volume, Couch, after relating a story, which we will omit here as being unpleasantly horrible, mentions how the body of a Blue Shark that had been thrown overboard, after its head had been cut off, "continued for a couple of hours to use the effort of swimming in various directions—to employ the comparison of a boy on board the boat—as if it were looking for its head." Like the Blue Shark, the ordinary Dog-fish (*Squalus galeus*) is also viviparous; but two varieties, the Rough Hound and the Nurse-Hound (*Squali catulus* and *canicula*) lay their young in oblong amber-coloured eggs among seaweed in shallow water. These—'mermaids' purses,' as they are sometimes called—resemble in substance certain other semi-transparent four-horned bags, often found on the seashore, and known to children as 'sailors' purses,' 'skate-barrows,' &c. These latter, which are darker and of squarer shape, are the eggs of the common skate,—some of the *rajæ* being, like some of the *squalidæ*, oviparous, whilst others of the species produce their young alive.

andly. The Fox-Shark, or Thresher (*Alopias vulpes*), remarkable for its long tail, which sweeps in very beautiful line from its back, and the upper lobe of which equals the whole length of its body. It uses this strong instrument like a quarter-staff with extraordinary force; and the powers of this tremendous weapon when wielded by the iron muscles of the Thresher can be imagined from the following account quoted by Wood as written by Captain Crow:—

"One morning during a calm, when near the Hebrides, all hands were called up at three A.M., to witness a battle between several of the fish called Threshers or Fox Sharks and some swordfish on one side, and an enormous whale on the other. It was in the middle of summer, and the weather being clear, and the fish close to the vessel, we had a fine opportunity of witnessing the contest. As soon as the whale's back appeared above the water, the Threshers, springing several yards into the air, descended with great violence upon the object of their rancour, and inflicted upon him the most severe slaps with their long tails, the sounds of which resembled the reports of muskets fired at a distance. The swordfish in their turn attacked the distressed whale, striking from below, and thus beset on all sides and wounded, where the poor creature appeared, the water around was dyed with blood. In this manner they continued tormenting and wounding him for many hours until we lost sight of him, and I have no doubt that in the end they completed his destruction."

In Mr. Frank Buckland's delightful handbook entitled 'Familiar History of British Fishes,' p. 224, there is a similar account given according to the ipsissima verba of Mr. Hill, captain of the North Sea trawler 'Hurricane':—

"The thresher sharks just do serve out the whales. The sea sometimes is all blood. A whale once got under our vessel to get away from them threshers, and when she was there, &c., &c. . . . Where they had been a threshing of her the sea was just like blood. I have seen these 'ere threshers fly out of the water as high as the mast-head and down upon the whale while the swordfish was a pricking of un up from underneath. There is always two of 'em—one up and one under, and I think they hunts together. . . . It's just for vengeance they does it. . . . I saw one engagement off the Staples; it was two or three hours they was at it."

Captain Hill, like Captain Crow, adds it as his opinion that the Threshers do not leave off till they have completely killed their victim.

A good specimen of a young Fox-shark can be seen in the central section of the Northern Zoological Galleries in the British Museum. It is rather more than twelve feet long, and a measurement of its tail will show the remarkable proportion which that appendage bears to its body.

3rdly. The Basking Shark (*Selache maxima*), of which there are two very fine specimens in the British Museum. A placard under the largest of these (which is in the S. Zoological Gallery) records that it was captured off Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, in 1875, and that one blow from its tail would suffice to stave in the sides of a large boat. About 2,000 small sharp teeth can be counted in its huge mouth, but though so numerously furnished, the dental armament of this unwieldy monster is far less formidable than that of any other species of shark, and the *Selache* is generally speaking a harmless creature, feeding principally on mackerel and echini. The specimen above mentioned measures twenty-eight feet in length, and thirteen round its greatest circumference.

Happily, the most terrible of all the Squalidæ, the great pirate of Ocean, the White Shark or Man-Shark (*Carcharodon Rondeletii*, or *Lamia*), is almost unknown in the British seas. Its lancet-like teeth, serrated at the edges, sometimes three inches in length and a hundred and fifty in number, are, in adults, displayed in six rows. When the fish is quiet, these rows lie flat in the mouth, but when it is about to seize its prey and the mouth is open, they are turned into position by a special set of muscles in the jaw. As these teeth are formed only for the purpose of seizing or tearing, whatever enters the upturned mouth of a *Lamia* is swallowed whole, and taken at once into its gulf-like stomach. This accounts for the uninjured condition of the huge masses that have been found inside gigantic sharks,—human bodies almost entire, one, if we may believe Ruysch, being in a full suit of chain-mail (*loricatus*), horses, according to Blumenbach (*Naturgeschichte*) and according to Griffiths (vol. x. in supplement) the whole body of a horse. Griffiths also speaks of the fatal stillness that accompanies the approach of one of these insatiable

gluttons, and vividly describes how, during the turmoil and horrors of a tempest, when the hurricane has done its worst, and destruction is on every wave, this monster of death, like some demon from below, will suddenly appear close to a foundering wreck, lighting up the scene of terror by a 'fiendish phosphoric light' given out from its huge body, and glaring up from the waters with its jaws open—ready to swallow the trembling wretches who still cling in despair to the fragments of the broken ship.

The strong flavour of the black man is peculiarly pleasant to this shark; consequently the slave ship is his feast of delight, and he will follow one during its whole voyage across the Atlantic for the bodies of the unfortunate negroes who are day after day thrown overboard. It is pleasant to think that during the last ten years his feasts have been scantier than of yore, and that our new relationship established with Africa, through the energy of Livingstone and Stanley, give good hope of the slave-trade soon becoming a disgrace of the past.

Like the Fox-shark, with beautifully curved lines of body and great strength of tail, the Lamia is able to spring to very great height out of the water. Experiments of this power have been tested by hanging pork and other temptations on poles from the sides of a ship; and the authority of Commerson is given for one having been known to spring twenty feet from the water in order to seize the corpse of a negro suspended on a line. (Lacépède.)

Amongst the natural enemies of the Lamia the most important is the Alligator; and the feud between these dragon-toothed rivals is quite as strong as that which exists between fox-sharks and whales in the Northern Seas. The following paragraph, lately written by the Florida correspondent of the 'New York Sun,' and quoted in 'Land and Water' of Sept. 8, 1877, will sufficiently shew this.

"Heavy eastern gales, combining with the action of the Gulf Stream, sometimes shut the inlet. Shoals of black bass left the fresh water streams and appeared at Jupiter. Solid acres of salt-water fishes piled themselves into the bight of the inlet, and fought for the sea-water that oozed through the sand at high tide. The alligators of the Everglades got wind of what was going on. They came down the Allokehatchie and Lake Worth Creek in scores, and attacked the fish dammed in the bight. The slaughter was astonishing. The water turned to blood, and was carpeted with dead fish. The alligators were reinforced until their number was estimated at five hundred. They gorged themselves with fish, and dosed away for days on the hot sand beneath the scorching rays of the sun. The beach was black with their mailed bodies. At night their muttered thunder fairly shook the foundations of the lighthouse. One day a north wind arose. It gathered in strength day by day, until its fury was that of a gale. It began to back up the water in the inlet. Rain fell, and the water increased in depth. The wind shifted to the north-west. A high neap-tide followed. As it began to fall a thread of fresh water found its way over the sandy barrier. Within twenty minutes the dam was burst, and the pent-up waters were roaring and rushing to the sea. The army of alligators was caught in the flood and carried outside. A terrific fight ensued. The neap-tide

had brought hundreds of enormous sharks to the coast. They scented the fresh water, and made for the inlet. Frantic after their enforced fasting during the storm, they attacked the alligators. The noise of the combat was heard above the roar of the ocean. A son of Judge Paine, of Fort Capron, who was an eye-witness of the scene, tells me that he saw sharks and alligators rise on the crest of the waves and fight like dogs. Many of the killed floated belly upward, and were afterwards rocked ashore by the waves. For days the bodies drifted to the beach. The dead alligators had lost their heads and tails. The sharks, in some cases, were nearly bitten in two pieces. The current of the Gulf Stream strewed the shore as far north as Cape Malabar with their carcasses. Clouds of buzzards, and even the Bahama vultures, were drawn to the beach by the offal. Mr. Paine fancied that the sharks were too active for the alligators, but others say that the percentage of bodies on the beach indicated that the weight of metal was in favour of the iron-clad reptiles."

The greatest bulk to which this largest of the sharks will grow has never apparently been fully ascertained, but the length of 37 feet is mentioned in several cyclopædias (Chambers', &c.), whilst the weight of 4,000 lbs. is given by several others (Rees, &c.) and 10,000 by Blumenbach in his *Naturgeschichte*. As no authority is referred to for these last quotations, and as there seems to be no record in modern times of the capture of any *Lamia* weighing 2,000 lbs., we may be pardoned for thinking that there is some error in these unusually heavy figures; but there was once a period, we know, during this planet's existence when sharks of more than fabulous size must have waged terrific warfare with the Dragon-Saurians for the empire of the seas: for their fossil teeth, commonly called serpents' tongues, which are found in many parts of the world (Malta, China, &c.), shew that these mighty 'tannim' exceeded in size and weight all that has moved in the waters since their time, whales only excepted. The illustrious ichthyologist Lacépède has recorded his opinion that a fossil shark-tooth which was submitted to him, and was 4 inches in length, must have belonged to a fish at least 70 feet long! He calculated further that the circumference of its jaws would not have been less than 26 feet, and this would suppose a diameter of about 9 feet! Count Lacépède might well add that no one can contemplate such a living gulf surrounded with six rows of teeth, all capable of being elevated or depressed at will, without a shudder. In 'Land and Water' for August 27, 1870, there is a comment by Mr. Henry Lee upon these calculations, tending to shew that the width across the mouth of such a monster would have been far less than what Count Lacépède supposed. The writer observes that the jaws of a *Carcharodon* now in Room v. of the Fish Gallery in the British Museum, whilst belonging to a fish which is said to have exceeded 30 feet in length, measure only 2 feet 1 inch by 18 inches. There is a vast difference between 9 feet and 4 feet 6 inches, but even the smaller size is enough to make us shudder when we consider that through the 25-inch jaws in the British Museum a man of ordinary dimensions could have been taken whole into the enormous gullet that was once beyond them.

[ADDENDUM.]

Considering the high antiquity of these great sharks of the earliest seas, and the evidence which Geology affords that they preceded mammalia in the order of creation, it is very interesting to hear what Hebrew scholars have often stated respecting the word *tannin*, which occurs in the twenty-first verse of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, viz., that it might be translated either 'sharks' or 'whales' with equal correctness, 'tân' (תן) or 'tannin' (תנין) being a very wide expression referable not only to all great fish of seas and rivers, but even to huge reptiles and dragons. Very nearly the same thing may be said of the Greek word *κῆτος*, which was used by the Septuagint translators, as the equivalent for *tannin* in the passage alluded to, and also in the early chapters of the Book of Jonah. Reference to Liddell and Scott's Lexicon will shew that, although in the course of time it was pressed into the service of Science in order to establish a generic name for cetacean mammalia, its first meaning was not 'whale' but 'sea monster or huge fish of any kind, whale or shark or tunny.' Homer applies it (cf. *Odyssey* iv. 446) to the seal (*phocas*); and Herodotus (iv. 53) to a large boneless fish (probably the tunny) which the Scythians salted and called 'Antacæus.'

This latitude of meaning in the Greek text, as well as in the anterior Hebrew, ought to be remembered by every one when reading the twelfth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, lest the use of the term 'whale' in the fortieth verse should lead any one to suppose that direct allusion is made to a definite species, viz., to the *Balaena* of Greenland, which, although the greatest creature known, is incapable, owing to the extraordinary narrowness of its œsophagus, of swallowing anything larger than the very minute fish upon which it feeds. The introduction of this English word has, we know, often caused trouble to pious persons, even amongst those, who, recognizing the Hand and the Voice of the Almighty in those Heavenly Writings which teach man higher things than the secrets of Nature, would be the last to think that the miraculous preservation of the prophet Jonah is to be explained by ordinary natural causes. To any one therefore who may haply have found difficulty hitherto concerning this supposed allusion to one of the Cetacea in this place, we would point, first, to the breadth of the terms *tannin* and *κῆτος*, both of which certainly include the shark tribe; and secondly, to the well-attested capacity of the shark for swallowing human beings, as well as to the habit which it is said to possess of throwing up fish, etc., which it has swallowed whole, still alive.

With respect to the advantage of using the word 'fish' or 'great fish' instead of 'whale' in the last-mentioned passage, that is an important question which those only will be able to decide who have the solemn responsibility of revising the Sacred Text, and who can weigh carefully all that is to be said for and against such a change. Our grateful reverence for the valued translation of the Scriptures which we have received from our forefathers makes us naturally jealous at the thought of alteration, even of a single phrase; but in this case it would be very satisfactory to know that objections could no longer be raised against an English word thus expressing a meaning which the original, apparently, never intended it to convey.

What we have just said is intended to show the high probability of the great fish alluded to having been one of the shark tribe; but we might say further on the other hand that the objection on physical grounds against this *κῆτος* being one of the cetæ is not so final as those who have raised the objection would fain persuade us; for in the Great Sperm Whale found off the coast of North America and in the Southern Hemisphere the passage of the throat is said to be large enough to contain the body of a man; and the highest of all authorities on Palæontology has expressed his opinion that great whales existed long since the creation of Man in the eastern part of the Mediterranean. Under these circumstances, *i. e.* whilst uncertainty lingers around our knowledge of facts as well as on the ancient words, some persons might object to the use of an expression that would exclude these mammalian cetacea, which, inasmuch as they suckle their young with milk, and possess lungs, warm blood, &c., cannot properly be classed as 'fish' at all. And we are forced to arrive at the conclusion that until the English language shall have adopted some equivalent term for *tân* and *κῆτος*, which can, like them, embrace all the gigantic inhabitants of the great deep, there must always remain difficulty in finding adequate translation for these very comprehensive names.]

NOTE 10.

"There I hung—as one lost in a terrible dream."



AFTER his long whirl through the waterfloods it may well be supposed that the young diver was in that half-drowned semi-conscious state, during which thoughts of all kinds crowd upon the brain, and the events of a whole life-time are said to pass before the mind with supernatural rapidity. Shakespeare, it will be remembered, alludes to this circumstance in the 4th scene of the 1st act of King Richard the Third, where the Duke of Clarence relates his dream to the Keeper of the Tower.

*"Keeper. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?
Duke. Methought I had ——."*

The word 'Ghouls' will express perhaps better than 'shapes' the notion of Schiller's 'Larvæ.'

*

XXII.

*"And shuddering—methought that a hundred-limb'd form—
More hideous than tongue can tell—
Rose to snatch me.*

Looking back to Note 9 we can hardly conceive the existence of anything moving in the waters more horrible than the last species of sea-fiend there spoken of; yet in lines 1 and 2 of the twenty-second stanza it is evident that by the indescribable 'something' supposed to be seen approaching and 'stretching out a hundred limbs

at once' allusion is made to the dreadful 'Polypus'—a monster that exceeds everything that breathes on earth or in air or sea by its appalling repulsiveness. Until within the last five years very few persons believed in the gigantic dimensions attributed by ancient naturalists to this terrible 'Ogre of the Waters,' nor until the year 1873 was the important place that it holds amongst the wonders of creation fully recognized by the present generation. If we might follow Aristotle alone, the name 'Polypus' would apply exclusively to the eight-armed cuttle (*Sepia octopodia* of Linnæus), which is better known to us as the 'Octopus;' but inasmuch as the immense size which formed one of the chief characteristics of the great monster constantly called Polypus is attained only by the decapodic members of the head-footed family, it seems best to extend the use of this general term to all the cephalopods, *i.e.* to all soft-bodied mollusca which have eight or ten limbs encircling their heads. These decapods, with ten limbs, *i.e.* with two long tentacles or feelers in addition to the eight limbs borne by the octopods, are commonly represented by the 'Sepia' or 'Cuttle,' the body of which is of an oblong oval, and the 'Loligo' or 'Squid,' whose body terminates in a pointed caudal fin: while the octopods are chiefly represented by the 'Octopus,' and the 'Argonauta' or Paper-Nautilus, about whose powers of sailing on its shell pleasing fallacies are still very generally entertained. In the Sepia and the Squid, as in the Octopus, the head is small, whilst the eyes are unusually large, and in place of the mouth there is a curved beak resembling that of a parrot. Through a small aperture in the upper part of their stomachs they all squirt out with great force that inky fluid which under the name of 'sepia' is so useful to draughtsmen, and which was formerly supposed to be one of the ingredients necessary to the preparation of Indian ink.

They feed principally on crustaceans, and their flesh is much appreciated in many parts of the world as an excellent article of food, its flavour being said to resemble that of the claw of a lobster. If the opinions of the epicures of ancient Greece may be taken as evidence, a young cephalopod ought to be the most delicate morsel possible: no feast at Corinth during the days of her glory would have been perfect without Polypus. At the same time it is certain that the sepiads require much beating in order to make them properly 'toothsome,' and the octopus especially needs more pounding than a tough beefsteak before it can be prescribed as 'wholesome' for persons of weak digestion. This ought to be well borne in mind by all who are about to feast upon it, as Mr. Sala, whose judgment in cookery as in all other branches of Art is universally acknowledged to be 'sin igual,' speaks with sorrow at the remembrance of a fried octopus which was once served up to him at Bobadilla without having gone through sufficient preparation of 'bastinado.' In this country we may feel well assured that prejudice will long stand in the way of our giving a fair trial to what is out of fashion; and many years probably will elapse ere 'loligo a la kari,' or 'teuthis' stewed according to one of the six recipes of the Deipnosophists, shall take a place near turtle in the banquets of the city of London; but

should haply the name of Polypus awaken appetite in the breast of any one desiring to test the economic value of the Cuttle, reference to a fascinating little book written in 1875 by Mr. Henry Lee, will give him as much information as he can wish to obtain upon the subject without wading through the Greek of Athenæus. Translated fragments are given in it of most of the gourmet poets of Greece, from 'Plato the comic' down to Epicharmus and Machon; and many a healthy laugh will attend the perusal of this libellulus, which reveals all the family secrets of the various branches of sepiads. Through the author's practical acquaintance with his subject we learn at once how very closely Aristotle must have watched the breeding days of fish in his Macedonian aquaria, and how poetically Victor Hugo has described the 'Pieuvre,' whose struggle with Gilliat has had the good fortune to be drawn by the magic pencil of Gustave Doré. The little book we allude to is entitled 'The Octopus,' and is the first of a series called 'Aquarium Notes.' But few small works of its kind more successfully blend the useful with the pleasant.

Referring to ancient writers we find in Pliny (lib. ix. cap. 48, § 30) the account of a terrific fight that took place with a huge Polypus, which was in the habit of making nightly attacks upon certain fish-preserves at Carteia. Dogs were sent against the monster in vain, for the horrible stench from its body rendered them powerless. With its two long tentacles, described as resembling enormous clubs, it lashed out right and left, so that none could approach it. At last, however, after a considerable time it was dispatched by a large number of men armed with three-pronged fish-spears. Its remains were sent to Lucullus, who had them preserved as a curiosity: they weighed 700 pounds. Upon measurement the tentacles were found to be 30 feet in length, whilst the suckers or 'calicules' on them were as large as urns, and the head was equal in size to a cask of 15 amphoræ.

Ælian also, who wrote during the first half of the third century, records a similar contest with a Polypus equally large, which attacked a fish-preserve at Puteoli, and broke open the barrels containing the pickled fish by crushing them in its arms. (De Animalibus, lib. iii. cap. 6.)

But marvellous as are these stories related by Pliny and Ælian, they fade into utter insignificance by the side of those which have been told of mighty Poulps called Kraken, seen in the Norwegian seas, and sometimes mistaken for new islands. On one of these, according to Dr. Christian Paullinus, (1620-1712,) a regiment of soldiers was able to manœuvre with perfect ease, and upon another, so another writer would assure us, an altar was erected, and the Bishop of Nidros had nearly finished the ceremony of its consecration when a sudden downward movement of the ground gave the unpleasant warning that a rapid descent was about to be made into the sea. A variety of similar stories is given in the 'Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus' of Olaus Magnus, one of the doctors who assisted in 1546 at the Council of Trent, but those who peruse that book will probably agree with Bishop Pontoppidan that Olaus Magnus lent too ready an ear to the sensational anecdotes told by Northern sailors.

Bishop Pontoppidan's more moderate account of this species of *Polypus* is quite remarkable enough to excite our wonder. "The Kraken," he says, "is the largest creature in the world;" and he then proceeds to explain how this extraordinary being lies at great depth below the surface of the ocean; that fishermen know where he is by the unusual multitudes of fish that are always congregated in his vicinity; that they take their boats immediately over him, and fish with great success, some times for two hours, before he moves. They are, however, keenly on the watch, and at a well-known disturbance of the water they hurry away as fast as possible from the spot. And then they see the enormous monster come up to the surface. "He shews himself sufficiently, though his whole body does not appear, which in all likelihood no human eye ever beheld (excepting the young of this species, which shall afterwards be spoken of); its back or upper part, which seems to be in appearance about an English mile and a half in circumference (some say more, but I chuse the least for greater certainty), looks at first like a number of small islands surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like seaweeds."

And further on,—after the relation of a very remarkable particular which is given on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Friis, but which the Bishop says he cannot give "such certain assurance of as he can of the existence of this surprising creature," although he does not find "anything in it absolutely contrary to Nature,"—we read that

"In the year 1680 a Krake (perhaps a young and careless one) came into the water that runs between the rocks and cliffs in the parish of Alstahoug, though the general custom of that creature is to keep always several leagues from land, and therefore of course they must die there. It happened that its extended long arms or antennæ caught hold of some trees standing near the water which might easily have been torn up by the roots; but beside this, as it was found afterwards, he entangled himself in some openings or clefts in the rock, and therein stuck so fast, and hung so unfortunately that he could not work himself out, but perished and putrified on the spot. The carcase, which was a long while decaying and filled part of that narrow channel, made it almost impassable by its intolerably bad odour." Bishop Pontoppidan adds: "The Kraken has never been known to do any great harm, except they have taken away the lives of those who consequently could not bring the tidings." (See p. 212, chap. viii. § xi. 2nd part of 'Natural Hist. of Norway.')

There is yet another work on *Polypi* which in some respects is even more startling than those of Olaus Magnus and Bishop Pontoppidan, since it comes from the pen of a semi-professional naturalist who was once attached to the geological department of the Museum of Natural History in Paris, viz., the 'Histoire Naturelle, Générale, et Particulière de Mollusques,' by Denys de Montfort. This author professed to believe in a colossal 'Poulpe' which was in the habit of rising from the waves, throwing its arms around the three masts of a large frigate, and dragging it, crew and all, to the bottom of the sea. Those who would care to see how this feat was

accomplished, will find on page 101 of Mr. Lee's 'Octopus' an illustration of the monster in the act of committing this destruction; an account is also given there of Denys de Montfort's various delinquencies, which brought him, it is said, finally to the galleys.

So far for what we may consider to be legendary lore of former days respecting the Polypus. Let us now turn to solid facts that are beyond question, viz., to three recent accounts of captures of 'Devil-fish,' of which the first two are recorded in 'The Octopus' pp. 111, 112.

1. On the 26th of October, 1873, two fishermen were out in a small punt near Belle Isle, Conception Bay, about nine miles from St. John's, Newfoundland. "Observing some object floating on the water at a short distance they rowed towards it, supposing it to be the *débris* of a wreck. On reaching it one of the men struck it with his 'gaff,' when immediately it showed signs of life, and shot out its two tentacular arms, as if to seize its antagonists. One of the men severed both arms with an axe as they lay on the gunwale of the boat, whereupon the animal moved off, and ejected a quantity of inky fluid which darkened the surrounding water for a considerable distance."

Fortunately these fishermen preserved a portion of what had been chopped from the tentacular arms, and from this fragment Professor Verrill, of Yale College, was able to calculate the dimensions of the whole animal, which were computed to be as follows: Length of body, 10 ft.; diameter of body, 2 ft. 5 in.; long tentacular arms, 32 ft.; head, 2 ft.: total length, about 44 ft. The fragment of tentacle is now preserved in the Museum at St. John's.

2. In November, 1873, about three weeks after the occurrence in Conception Bay, three fishermen, when hauling their herring-net in Logie Bay, about three miles from St. John's, found a huge Calamary entangled in its folds, and with difficulty succeeded in dispatching it and bringing it ashore. The body of this specimen was rather more than 7 ft. long; the caudal fin, 22 in. broad; the two long tentacular arms measured 24 ft. in length; each of the eight shorter arms, 6 ft.; total length, 32 ft. Both of these specimens were attributed by Professor Verrill to the same species, viz., Steenstrup's 'Architeuthis Dux;' and woodcuts from photographs taken of them were engraved in the 'Field' of December 13th, 1873, and January 31st, 1874.

3. Towards the end of last year, *i. e.* on the 22nd of September, 1877, during a heavy equinoctial gale a gigantic Cuttle was driven ashore at Catalina on the northern side of Trinity Bay, near St. John's, Newfoundland, and in November the following account of its capture was quoted by an English illustrated periodical.

"The tail had got fast on a rock as it was swimming backward, and it was rendered powerless. In its desperate efforts to escape, the ten arms darted about in all directions, lashing the water into foam, the thirty-foot tentacles in particular making lively play as it shot them out and endeavoured to get a 'purchase' with their

powerful suckers, so as to drag itself into deep water. It was only when it became exhausted and the tide receded that the fishermen ventured to approach it. It died soon after the ebb of the tide, which left it high and dry on the beach.

"The two men loaded their little craft with the body of the gigantic cuttle, and arrived with it at St. John's on Sept. 26, in a perfectly fresh condition. As soon as the news spread, an eager desire to see the monster was awakened, and the fishermen were advised to exhibit it before the public. The Government granted the use of the drill-shed for the purpose, and on the floor, supported by boards, the creature was laid out in all its gigantic proportions. The lucky fishermen reaped a golden harvest, and found the big squid by far the best catch they had ever made. The scene was very curious. There lay the cuttle with its ten arms stretched out, two of them 30 ft. in length, having rows of powerful suckers an inch in diameter at their broadened extremities. The other arms, eight in number, were entirely covered with suckers on the under side, and were 11 ft. in length. The body is 10 ft. in length and nearly 7 ft. in circumference, and terminates in a caudal fin 2 ft. 9 in. across. When taken from the water the colour of the squid was a dusky red, but that has disappeared, and the body and arms are now perfectly white. There is the usual horny beak, the parrot-like mandibles of which project from a membranous bag in the centre of the mass which constitutes the head, and from which the ten arms radiate. Certainly, the idea of being clutched in those terrible arms, from which there could be no escape when once they had closed, and then torn and rent by the formidable beak, is enough to send a shuddering thrill through the stoutest heart. The devil-fish possessed a pair of huge staring eyes, the sockets being eight inches in diameter. Their expression, when the creature was alive on the beach, is said by the fishermen to have been peculiarly ferocious."

"There was a strong competition for possession of the monster, but the managers of the New York Aquarium succeeded in purchasing it, and there it has been placed in good condition, a large glass tank having been prepared for its reception."

We are assured of the correctness of this account by persons who have lately seen this specimen at New York; and we hear further that a proposal has been made to bring it over this year to England for exhibition at the Westminster Aquarium. Should it arrive amongst us, we hope that a tank may be prepared of sufficient size to exhibit the full grandeur of the monster with its tentacles displayed to the breadth of 60 ft.

Should any mischance, however, prevent us from enjoying the pleasure of seeing this distinguished visitor during the present season, those who are interested in Polypi will be glad to know that there is in the vaults below the British Museum a tall glass jar containing an arm of a huge specimen, which can be seen by making formal application to the authorities of the Fish Department. It is 9 ft. long, and has some 300 calicules or suckers. In 1873, Mr. Lee made a careful examination of it and pro-

nounced it to be one of the eight shorter arms of the Calamary to which it belonged. He estimated that the length of the tentacles must have been 36 ft., and that of the body 11 or 12 ft., giving a total length of 48 ft. It was said to have been brought from the eastern coast of South America.

"Here then" (to quote the final words of Mr. Lee in 'The Octopus'), "in our midst, and to be seen by all who wish to inspect it, is a limb of a once-living cephalopod capable of upsetting a boat, or of hauling a man out of her, or of clutching one engaged in scraping a ship's side and dragging him under water, as described by the old master-mariner, Magnus Dens; possessing, also, a beak powerful enough to tear him in pieces, and crush some of his smaller bones. I confess that until I saw and measured this enormous limb, I doubted the accuracy of some early observations which this specimen alone would suffice to prove worthy of confidence. The existence of gigantic cephalopods is no longer an open question. I now, more than ever, appreciate the value of the adage, 'Truth is stranger than fiction.'"

It is pleasant to think that the time is already at hand when the Museums of Europe will possess cephalopods of a size which, thirty years ago, would have been thought to be fabulous. Possibly before another thirty years have passed, and ere the light of A.D. 1900 has dawned upon the world, the mystery of the great Sea Serpent shall have been made clear, and a 200 ft. specimen of the *Marinus Magnus* will prove as attractive an ornament to the British Museum as the 'spolia' of the 120 ft. water snake from Carthage did formerly to the Roman Capitol.

Had we not already exceeded the limits of a note, we might dwell further upon several other peculiarities which belong to the *Polypus*. Its power of changing colour at will and assuming yellow, red, blue, or brown, according to the hue of the rocks, &c., over or under which it passes, will have been observed by every one who has watched its movements for half-an-hour in an aquarium. It is also said to be able to throw out from its body whilst alive a phosphorescent halo, which after death becomes a light so brilliant as to make neighbouring objects in a dark room visible; and, furthermore, it possesses, in common with lobsters, crabs, snails, and certain other crustacea and mollusca, the power of reproducing its limbs and arms when torn or cut off. It was from the *Polypus* that two of the most hideous monsters of antiquity took their origin;—the *Hydra*, whose many heads are fabled to have been renewed as soon as they were destroyed by the blows of Hercules; and *Scylla*, who with six heads on six long writhing necks used to snatch sailors from their ships as they passed her rock. On the reverses of two denarii struck by Pompey we find an imperfect representation of this unfortunate nymph who was transformed by the arts of Circe into a monster; and in the XIIth book of the *Odyssey*, at lines 85-95, a minute description of her is given which will shew the strong resemblance she bore to the *Polypus*.

NOTE II.

"The whirltide's remounting strife."



EVERYONE who has investigated the theory of whirlpools appears to have met with the same difficulty as Aristotle in accounting satisfactorily for their origin; and modern hydrologists seem unwilling to speak of them at all. Neither from Humboldt in his 'Kosmos,' nor from Sir William Reid, nor from Captain Maury do we learn anything respecting them; and there is no essay upon this subject, where we might expect to find one, among the 'Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society.' Dr. Nowak, of Leipsic, in his clever treatise on 'The Ocean,' makes a few passing remarks upon the fact of their existence, and thinks they are caused either by submarine defluxions (does he mean by 'abflüsse' absorption into channels connected with distant seas, according to Father Kircher's theory?), or by under-currents meeting with irregularities of the ground at the bottom of the sea. He devotes a whole page to the Euripus, but says that the causes of disturbance in the Messina whirlpool and the Maelstrom are undiscoverable until more information has been obtained respecting what lies beneath them! Under these circumstances an annotator must be pardoned for having very little to say concerning the laws that govern these interesting phenomena. Eddies, we know, are often formed in rivers when a sudden contraction is followed by sudden widening of the banks; and it seems to be an acknowledged fact that, when two sea currents rushing in opposite directions encounter one another in a narrow passage, whirlpools turning spirally upon an open centre will form at their point of contact, either with or (as it is said) without the assistance of underlying rocks. That they are bottomless has been often asserted by those who have advanced the theory of underground drains or channels; but the soundings taken by Spallanzani and by Captain Smyth shew that, so far as Charybdis is concerned, there is no reason for holding such an opinion. The opposition of rocks to submarine currents would, one might suppose, sufficiently account for a whirlpooly sea like the Calofaro; and similar causes might produce similar effects round the islands of Mosken and the Faroes, where, at

every flux and reflux of the tide, floods that rise against shelving rocks on one side fall like cataracts as they descend upon the other, and vortices are formed which under the influence of winds are stimulated into those complex movements which have hitherto baffled scientific investigation. There is apparently in most of them (at the turn of the tide or current?) a reverse action, which causes them to throw up what they have absorbed; but this disgorging process, according to the witness of nearly twenty-five centuries (see Note 2) never took place in Charybdis, whose victims, instead of being thrown up, have always been carried by an under-current to Taormina. Whence, then, did Homer obtain his knowledge of the boiling eruption which he has described so clearly? Did the little Euripus furnish him with the idea which he has so grandly developed? or had Phœnician or Greek explorer ventured so far north as to bring back accounts of the roaring Maelstrom which throws up at regular turns of the tide all that it devours?

The irregularities of the Eubæan whirlpool are acknowledged by all to be so peculiar that we can understand how they gave even to so great a man as Aristotle so much trouble; but how, with our improved modern appliances for investigation—machine-boats, diving apparatus, &c., &c., there can in the present day be room for a confession of uncertainty such as that expressed by Dr. Nowak is a strangely inexplicable mystery. Surely every hydrographer of the latter half of the nineteenth century ought to know what undercurrents, rocks, if any, &c., &c. exist under a place of such world-wide renown as the Calofaro,—where polaccas coming from 'Puglia' are beaten to pieces, where 74-gun ships are occasionally whirled round, and where all that is absorbed is carried fifteen miles southward before it is restored to the light of day. Should not everything that is doubtful respecting whirlpools be thoroughly investigated and cleared up? They are quite as important as water-spouts and geysers, about which much has been written; and there is enough historical interest about them to make a small treatise on 'the whirlpools of the world' a very popular as well as saleable volume. The most celebrated are—the Maelstrom or Moskoestrom, off the north coast of Norway (see note 5),—Charybdis, which is known in modern times as the 'Calofaro' or 'Charilla,' outside the harbour of Messina (see note 2),—and the 'Euripus,' which is a narrow whirlpooly channel, forty yards broad, between the island of Negropont, formerly Eubœa, and the mainland of Greece. It gave the name of Egripo during the middle ages to the town of Chalchis; and a bridge built by the Venetians across the channel gave the name of Negropont, quasi Egripo-ponte, to the whole island. The flux and reflux in the Euripus, about which so much has been written, is most irregular, occurring sometimes six, sometimes fourteen times during twenty-four hours.

Next to these three in celebrity are the whirlpools amongst the Farœ Islands (see note 5), and the Corryvreckan between the islands of Jura and Scarba off the West Coast of Scotland. There is also one in the river Niagara, two miles below the falls, and another of smaller importance in the Danube.

NOTE 12.

'If thou'lt dive yet once more.'



REFERRING again to the *Mundus Subterraneus*, we read that, when Nicolas Pesce had ended the last clause of his speech, the King asked him if he had the courage to go down again and explore the lowest depths of the whirlpool. To this request he most courteously but in decided tones replied 'No.' The King then ordered a purse full of gold pieces (Happel says full of diamonds) to be fastened to another goblet of great value, and thrown in; and this proving too great a temptation for poor Nicolas to resist, he dived a second time into Charybdis,—but, to use the narrator's own exquisite words,—'nunquam amplius comparuit.'

And so ends the story for which we must feel ever grateful to good Father Kircher and to the theory which Pesce's historical evidence was intended to assist—that there are mysterious channels under the great deep which form communications between the seas in various parts of the world. There is quite enough in the material which he furnished to kindle the imagination of a poet, and his story had the good fortune to attract the attention of the very Poet who could do most justice to it,—“seizing, as Bulwer Lytton has well said, upon all that is striking in the legend, and ennobling all that is commonplace.”

The motives by which Schiller has shown his hero to be actuated,—the desire to accomplish work at which others trembled, and to win, even at the risk of life, the young heart that loved him, are amongst the most honourable and the highest that can excite ordinary human ambition; and therefore the moral—clearly indicated—that under no possible circumstances, and for no possible end, may we ever dare to tempt Providence—comes home with greater force. This young Edelknecht is of the finest possible clay, and each graceful feature of mind and body is modelled with masterly skill. The double epithet by which he is introduced to us 'sanft und keck,' 'gentle and daring,' reveals the character on which above all others Schiller loved to dwell, and of which, in all generations of men, Bayards and Sidneys are formed. Our

intense sympathy is rightly awakened both for him and for the loveable young princess who dares to take his part. All that they say and do is warmhearted and high, and the nobility of their natures makes the selfishness of the vulgar Tyrant who so unworthily fills the holy seat of Power more hideously repulsive. He is indeed a monster, far more cold-blooded and cruel than those whom Nature had destined to fill their ravenous maws in that horrible tomb-pit, to which he sent down, for the second time, the gallant boy.

Looking to the construction and interior work of this ballad as a work of art, we find several peculiarities in it which arrest our attention. No metre could be more suitable for the purposes of fervent description than the Anapæstic or Iambic-Anapæstic measure which runs throughout :

$\begin{array}{cccc} \smile & - & | & \smile & \smile & - & | & \smile & - & | & \smile & \smile & - & | \\ \smile & - & | & \smile & \smile & - & | & \smile & - & | & \smile & - & | \end{array}$

whilst the Amphibrachs | $\smile - \smile$ | that close the fifth and sixth lines give the stanza a pleasantly original character, and bring the lines most satisfactorily to a conclusion. Unhappily, this amphibrachic musical fall, which is so effective in the German, cannot be used through the whole poem in English with corresponding advantage. It was to a certain extent adopted in the excellent translation by Mr. J. S. Dwight of Boston which was dedicated in 1838 to Mr. Carlyle; but the call made by this rare rhythmical foot upon participles and long words of unusual occurrence seems to strain the resources of our language too much for a continuance, and he who attempts to carry out this plan will, we believe, at the end of the twenty-seventh stanza, feel that although he has achieved an uncommonly hard feat, the result is forced and unpleasant.

Next to the strong flow of its rhythm a very noticeable feature in this composition is the profusion of stormy rhymes that meet us in every stanza. There is a ring in them that reminds one of the clash of arms, and they are marshalled with admirable skill. In several places, however, Schiller has paired words slightly differing in sound, *e.g.*, 'rande,' 'wandte,'—'keck,' 'weg,'—'rede,' 'öde,' and consequently these licences have at times attracted disparaging remarks from critics of the precisian school. It cannot be denied but that in lyrical poetry, where perfect unisonance is almost necessary, such rhymes as 'getose,' 'schoosse,' and 'rief,' 'felsenriff,' would march unpleasantly together like Falstaff's ill-assorted rogues through Coventry, but in a descriptive six-line ballad of this wildly vigorous nature occasional Pindaric freedom seems to give variety and boldness to the general effect of the poem. Imperfect rhymes all the foregoing examples clearly profess themselves to be, and disallowable, according to strict rule, they assuredly would be in certain places; nevertheless these dissonances, if such they can be called, had the honour of finding

favour in the ears of Göthe who read this poem—in which he was personally interested—whilst still in manuscript, and of Körner, who was hardly behind Göthe or the best judges of any age in the cultured sense of sound.

That this occasional ruggedness of rhyme on the part of so able a poet as Schiller was the result of art and not of carelessness is evident from the fact that, although he revised several words in this ballad after its first appearance in the *Musen-Almanach*, none of his rhymes were touched: but that similar ruggedness attends the verses given in the first eight pages of this small work is the result of necessity rather than of choice. In those verses two chief objects have been kept in view;—first, to produce a translation of the ‘Diver’ which should follow Schiller closely, line by line, without deviating from his sustained use of the ‘historic present’ and other peculiarities; and secondly, to transpose, if possible, into the key of the English language that weird music which characterizes this ballad in the German. That this latter object has not been attained is not to be wondered at, but, in working towards it it has seemed better to use strong terminal words for which perfect rhymes cannot easily be found rather than sacrifice the force of characteristic expressions in order to obtain that filed smoothness of ‘gleichklang’ which we find is at times broken—and, we must believe, intentionally broken—in the original.

The omission of a whole foot in the last line of the concluding stanza,

“Der Jüngling bringt keines wieder,”

leaves the painful sensation upon the ear which all imperfect verses are intended to convey. As the rhyme is given, it may be questioned whether an anapæst or the amphibrachys is the foot omitted, but in either case the line would probably come under the class called *Brachycatalectic*. Few persons, we believe, would think it desirable to follow this precedent and make the English translation end with similar curtness, *e.g.*:—

“but no wave brings him—to the shore.”

Another thing which will strike every student of the ‘Diver’ as very peculiar is the constant use that Schiller has made of the conjunctive particle. It occurs more than forty times in five selected stanzas! Should this seem to any one to be a fault, we may observe that it is this very iteration which gives character to some of the best passages, *e.g.*:—

“Und athmete lang,—und athmete tief,
Und begrüßte das himmlische Licht,”

and special continuity to the clauses so lavishly piled up in the stanza that describes the outpouring of the whirlpool—

“Und es wasset, und siedet, und brauset, und zischt,” &c.

There are some other remarkable features in this ballad ; for example—the use, in several places and with great power, of the indefinite ‘es,’ which we must be content to lose when transplanting these stanzas into English. The fortunate idioms of one language can only be properly rendered by corresponding fortunate expressions in another ; and it is well-nigh hopeless to expect that one can obtain a sufficient number of these pleasant rarities when translating from a poet so rich as Schiller in the happy choice of words.

Knowing this, we may almost agree with Charles Nodier in his sarcastic remark that it is a great mistake to translate poets of the first class at all, but that it is a still greater mistake to translate them into verse. Many things, no doubt, there are in Art as well as in Nature, which like the bloom on the peach should be left untouched if we would wish to see them retain all their glorious beauty ; but nevertheless peaches must be plucked, and poets must be translated, even at the risk of injuring their bloom and fragrance.

One method, however, there is of translating the great poets, which does not prove fatal to their freshness, and to which even Charles Nodier would give his full consent, viz. reproduction by the hand of a great painter : and happily there is living amongst us one, who has delighted all the nations of Europe—not less than his own—with the wonder-works of his genius, and who might successfully achieve what all hitherto have found too difficult,—the strong task of realizing this glowing dream of Schiller.

No brush of painter ancient or modern could, we believe, do justice to the magnificent outbreak of the whirlpool, the terrors of the precipitous abyss, and the mysterious cauldron of fish-monsters simmering below Charybdis, so ably as that of Mons. Gustave Doré.

Let us hope that amidst fresh triumphs in 1878, he will give the world a translation of the ‘Diver’ which shall fully rival the power of the original.

FINIS.



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